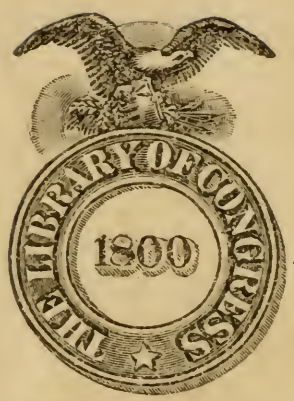
ECHOES OF THE FOREST

AMERICAN INDIAN LEGENDS

WILLIAM EDGAR BROWN



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ECHOES OF THE FOREST

American Indian Legends

WILLIAM EDGAR BROWN
NWAH-KE-NAH-GO-ZID
(Ojibway Indian Name)
Author of "Indian Legendary Poems and Songs of Cheer"

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THIS LITTLE VOLUME IS DEDICATED

TO

HON. LYMAN A. HOLMES

AND

HON. AUGUSTUS C. CARTON

and to all who have done their part
to help us better to understand
that the white man and the
red man are brothers.

FOREWORD

As one who is eager to welcome every addition to true literature that comes from his native State, I bespeak a cordial welcome for this book. Its range of themes is wide and interesting, its treatment of them warm and sympathetic, and its prosodical methods accurate and instructive to those who would win recognition in the broad tournament of the wide field of poetry. Its motives, too, as expressed in verse, are always for the true and right, and the whole work has characteristics of the flowers of imagination sown in the gardens of sane common sense. So, I expect the people not only of Michigan, but of many other States, to read the following lines.

WILL CARLETON

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HISTORICAL INTRODUCTION

All who are interested in the North American Indians will welcome this little volume. Lovers of these children of the forest will feel that the time has come, in the name of truth and justice, when the best side of their character should not longer be obscured to their prejudice.

Our author has revealed something of the beauty and depth of the Indian nature. Drawing upon the great storehouse of North American Indian legends and traditions, he has selected some of the most striking and beautiful, and imparted to them attractive forms which body forth their spiritual beauty and truth. If to some critics these gems seem to make Indian life as a whole too romantic and rosy, they will observe that at least the artist has been true to his sources. While the life of the red race as a native product of the New World is one of the most distinctive fields of American literature, most will agree that we have yet to find the genius to make these untrammeled elements of thought and passion a wholly worthy monument. Mr. Brown has attained a commendable degree of success. With a nice sense for the genius of the

Indian language, he has caught here and there from the great mass of materials — the shining symbol, the fine sentiment, the brief allusion, the burst of feeling, the bold assertion — the characteristics of this wild improvisation, and woven them into forms of beauty which will rank with the best in Michigan's literature.

Students of Indian literature and history will appreciate the vast amount of work he has done in laboring through the multiplicity of sources, and the pains he has taken to determine the authority and correctness of each legend and tradition. Commendable also is the scrupulous care with which in putting his materials into poetic form he has adhered to the truth of the original. The little book has a true place and will find warm hearts.

GEORGE N. FULLER, *Ph.D.*,
Secretary Michigan Historical Commission.
Lansing, Michigan,
March 8, 1918

ECHOES OF THE FOREST

American Indian Legends

STORY OF THE LITTLE PRINCESS

An Ojibway Story and Legend

In the year of eighteen hundred,
A little girl was born,
On the banks of the Grand River,
Where waves the ripening corn;
Her father was a tráder,
A noted Frenchman he,
Her mother was a princess,
And lived in a tepee.

In this beauteous fairy region,
The glad days swiftly flew,
As along the shore she paddled,
In her light birch-bark canoe;
And often with her father,
On his trips,
She sailed to larger cities,
On the white-winged sailing ships.

When twelve years old this maiden,
The wondrous sights to view,
Full thousand miles a journey took,
In her birch-bark canoe;
And as they journeyed day by day,
Strange sights they saw;
On the voyage from Grand River,
To the Straits of Mackinaw.

Two trusty Indian warriors,
The princess to convey,
Upon the long, long journey,
Which lasted many a day,
Her father did provide her
To paddle her canoe,
And guide her safely on her way,
The whole long journey through.

Then drifting down the river,
One glorious summer day,
They entered Old Lake Michigan,
And gladly took their way;
To northward then they steered their barque,
A blanket for a sail,
And swiftly skimmed along the lake,
Borne by the southern gale.

At night their barque they anchored
In some sequestered bay,
They built a blazing camp fire,
And camped at close of day;
They cooked their game, and rested,
'Neath the sky;
Nor heeded they the wolf's lone howl,
Or the eagle's piercing cry.

As their canoe proceeded,
There chanced to cross their way,
Full many a band of savages,
All decked in feathers gay;
So small they looked upon the plain,
They seemed to be,
A fleet of white-winged vessels,
Upon a distant sea.

The geese flew over with loud cry,
To light in pastures green,
The turkeys too in forms grotesque;
They heard the eagles scream;
While to the clear cool water,
Came the deer,
And bears, and wolves, and foxes,
Seeming to feel no fear.

They told the maiden many a tale,
Of legendary lore;
Of strange events that happened,
Upon that very shore;
They told her of the Medicine Lodge,
And the North Star;
Of Bah-swa-way, the Echo,
Whose shrill voice sounds afar.

As north their barque they guided,
Borne by the balmy air,
They neared a point, the Indians said,
Was known as: "Sleeping Bear";
And lying there upon the mound,
Through weather foul or fair,
Unmindful of the winds that blew,
They saw a huge black bear.

So then the warriors told the maid,
The legend of the bear;
And that for full two hundred years,
She had been sleeping there;
To guide the hardy mariner,
Safe to shore;
When raging storms were on the deep,
And angry billows roar.

That many, many, moons ago,
A famine swept the land,
Upon the whole Wisconsin side,
And men on every hand,
Were dying for the want of food,
While beasts were starving too;
Then turned they to fair Michigan,
Where bounteous harvest grew.

That longingly a mother bear,
And two young cubs pressed sore
With hunger, and in sore distress,
Gazed on the distant shore
Of verdant, fruitful Michigan,
Where the trees
With perfumed flowers and golden fruit
Waved in the balmy breeze.

At last by hunger overcome,
The mother going before,
A little one on either side,
They started for the shore.
When only twelve miles from the goal,
One cub went down;
They swam but two miles farther,
And the other one was drowned.

With trembling limbs and heavy heart,
The mother reached the shore;
Then crept she to a resting place,
That looked the waters o'er;
She faced the restless waters,
That covered her young;
Nor heeded she the mournful dirge
The angry sea had sung.

Lo! as she gazed upon the lake,
Where glide the birch canoes,
Two beauteous islands slowly rose,
They are the Manitous,
Home of departed spirits,
Mark the graves,
Of the two young bears that struggled hard,
But sank beneath the waves.

At last the faithful voyagers,
Had reached the long sought isle,
To meet the anxious father
And greet him with a smile;
But scarcely had they landed,
Till a strange sight they saw;
For the British had invaded,
The Isle of Mackinac.*

At the fort was great excitement,
And danger threatened all;
The trader asked the Indians,
To hasten to St. Paul,
And convey the little princess
Unto another coast,
Where lived her elder brother,
Who kept a trading post.

* Pronounced Mackinaw.

It was a perilous journey
For them to undertake,
With such a precious passenger
Whose life would be at stake;
But his offer was so generous,
And they loved him so,
That on the dangerous journey,
They were resolved to go.

Skirting the northern border,
They sailed into Green Bay;
Fox, and Wisconsin rivers,
Then seemed their nearest way,
On Mississippi's bosom broad,
Then they glide;
Soon then in St. Paul's harbor,
Their barque was safely tied.

A few years then she tarried,
Till she was older grown,
Then she returned to Mackinaw,
Where tender care was shown
The famous Madam La Framboise,
Took the child;
And taught her French and useful arts,
Thus fortune on her smiled.

For fifteen years a school she kept,
In Old St. Ignace town,
Where in her home she entertained
The men of great renown;
She dined with President Taylor
And King Strang;
With Cass, and other notables,
And all her praises sang.

Now this Sophia Bailey,
The little Indian maid
Was famous in those early days,
And many friends she made;
She married Henry Graveract,
A soldier's son;
And from the stories which she told,
These pretty legends come.

Now John C. Wright her grandson,
(A well known man is he,)
Author of Northern Breezes,
And of the Crooked Tree,
Has rendered to his country,
A service great;
As he from lips of grandmother,
These stories did relate.

This Indian maid has passed away,
Likewise the woman old;
Long has her form been lying,
Beneath the darksome mould;
But the wondrous legends which she told,
Ne'er will die;
But to the earth's remotest bounds;
Like carrier doves, will fly.

'Tis said: "that once great Cæsar's word
Might stand against the world;"
"That through the word of prophecy,
Messiah's flag unfurled;"
So may a poem winged with power
Leap the sea;
And unto millions of the earth,
A guiding angel be.

THE PRIDE OF PEETA KWAY

An Iroquois Legend (Retold by Schoolcraft)

Once there lived in a lodge by the side of the lake,
The Pride of Peeta Kway;
A maiden fair, with sunlight hair,
Was the Pride of Peeta Kway,
This maiden was modest, and lovely too,
And all the braves came there to woo;
The Pride of Peeta Kway.

In an Indian lodge on the mountain side,
Lived the Pride of Peeta Kway;
And her mother's pride this maiden was,
The Pride of Peeta Kway,
And never a maiden was seen more fair,
Than this beautiful girl with the sunlight hair,
The Pride of Peeta Kway.

From far and near came the braves to see
The Pride of Peeta Kway;
And all who saw her sought the hand
Of the Pride of Peeta Kway;
But her mother was haughty and only smiled,
When they asked for the hand of her beautiful child,
The Pride of Peeta Kway.

She built a boat to sail on the lake,
For the Pride of Peeta Kway;
That none of the braves might carry off
The Pride of Peeta Kway;
And every day the mother would come,
To bring her food, and the long curls comb,
Of the Pride of Peeta Kway.

One night there rose a storm on the lake
And frightened Peeta Kway;
The frail barque loosed its anchor hold,
And drifted far over the bay
To the Storm King, who kept the waters there,
Who seized the maiden with shining hair,
The Pride of Peeta Kway.

"O! let me go to my mountain home!"
Cried the Pride of Peeta Kway,
"For my mother is there, and waits for me,
In her lodge on the shore of the bay."
But the grim chief muttered, "Upon my life!
Thou shalt stay on this island, and be my wife!
Thou Pride of Peeta Kway!"

Day after day she roamed the shore,
The Pride of Peeta Kway;
Hoping her mother would rescue her,
And take her far away

From the cruel old keeper who did not care
For the tears of the maiden with sunlight hair,
The Pride of Peeta Kway.

At last a storm on the lake arose,
And loud was the breakers' roar;
Black then as midnight the heavens grew,
With storm clouds gathered o'er,
Loud was the tempest when thunders crashed,
And vivid the skies when lightnings flashed,
While the mad waves rode before.

"To the boat! to the boat!" a soft voice cried,
To the Pride of Peeta Kway,
"O! hasten thou! hasten! 'nor longer wait,
Then hasten without delay;
For the storm is thy friend, and will set thee free
And bear thee to mother who waits for thee,
For the Pride of Peeta Kway."

Unto the small boat the storm was kind,
And soon it had lifted high,
To the foot of the hill where the mother dwelt,
'Neath the blue of a cloudless sky,
The little boat, and the daughter too,
Who stepped once more on the land she knew,
With the welcome lodge hard by.

But sad indeed was the mother's face,
For the Pride of Peeta Kway;
For the light had gone from the fair one's eyes,
And the shining hair was gray;
For never again from a far-off land,
Would a great chief come, to claim the hand
Of the Pride of Peeta Kway.

O! there's many a maiden with sunlight hair,
In the grip of some tyrant bold;
Who was lured from the ark of a mother's love
To an isle that is dark and cold;
For her tears and sighing he does not care,
For he loves not the girl with the sunlight hair,
And her sorrow can ne'er be told.

ECHOES FROM "KING OF THE STAR" *

An Ojibway Legend of Mackinac Island

They stood upon that beauteous spot,
Where old St. Ignace stands,
A band of beaded warriors,
With long spears in their hands;
They gazed upon the waters blue,
And on the golden sands.

Ah! as they looked, at last
An object from the waters rose,
The sky was overcast,
The mass was of a turtle shape,
A giant turtle's back,
They saw it high above the waves,
Michillimackinac!

Enchanted region this,
Of story and romance,
Upon its rocky cliffs.
The wild waves make their melody.
And the rollicking fairies dance,
Laughing in glee, at the minstrelsy
Of the wind, and the lightning's glance.

* The following poem is not the legend itself, but a poetic conception obtained from a study of the legend.
† Mackinac pronounced Mackinaw.

O! happy, fairy isle,
Kept safely from all care,
'Neath the Great Spirit's smile,
Who, when upon this earthly sphere,
Thy rhapsody loved so well,
With kindred spirits ever near,
Loved in thy bowers to dwell.

The Gitchi Manitou said,
When this fair isle was formed
From out its watery bed:
That " from all lands the great would come,
When wars of men should cease,
And usher in the brotherhood
Of universal peace."

So when the traveler chances
To sail close by thy shore,
The sparkling water dances,
As fairies danced of yore;
And the song of the sea entrances
The cliffs of thy rock-ribbed shore.

ALGONQUIN LOVE SONG

O! come my beloved and climb with me,
That shining mountain side —
We'll watch the beautiful sun go down,
And talk of the leaves so sere and brown;
And the day you will be my bride,
We'll sit till the beautiful traveller of night
Shines high, o'er the mountain side.

We'll watch the little stars follow their chief,
And the Northern Lights play ball;
The Lightning winking, and lighting her pipe,
We'll list to the Thunder Bird beat with his
might,
And the Whirlwind race with the Squall.
We will sit till all living creatures sleep;
But we'll not go to sleep at all.

We will sit on the beautiful mountain, nor mind,
The owl's shrill "Go to sleep all!"
We will watch the stars in their sleepless flight,
As they travel above us the whole of the night,
For they do not mind it at all.
We will sit more closely together, and think,
Of ourselves, and that is all.

Again the "go to sleep" call will be heard,
And the night traveler closer will come,
To warn us that now all are dreaming of Mars,
Excepting ourselves, and the bright little stars,
And the Thunder Bird beats not his drum,
The Lightning ceased winking and smoking her pipe,
And the Thunder Bird beats not his drum.

Now truly the owl is a wise little bird,
A sage and philosopher he;
And thus, when he sings his quaint "Go to sleep all!"
Each young man, and maiden, should list to his call,
And safe in their own room should be;
Nor e'er be misguided by twinkling stars,
But list to the owl's earnest plea.

THE WILL O' THE WISP

A legend of the Pacific Northwest retold from Phillips's "Fairy Tales"

Long ago, there lived a maiden,
With bright eyes and comely features;
Fair was she among the maidens,
She the pride of all the village,
And the youth Wah-wah-hoo loved her.

Said Wah-wah-hoo to the maiden,
When they met beneath the birch tree,
"Love: I cannot live without thee;
Let us marry in the summer,
When the Salmon berries ripen."

But the chief, Wah-wah-hoo's father,
Did not know his son's arrangement,
So he gave his son to marriage,
To another Indian maiden,
Daughter of the chief Kla-Klack-hal

Now this great chief, Hyas Tyee,
Was a man of wondrous power,
He not only ruled his people;
But the birds and beasts and insects
Swiftly ran to do his bidding;

And 'twas said all people feared him,
Save one chief, great Klack-a-mass-ka.

Now for many snows these warriors,
Waged fierce war against each other,
Waged a long, and weary warfare,
Why they did so, none could answer,
Why the warriors slew each other,
Waged fierce wars with bows and arrows,
With their sharp knives slashed each other.
On the ground their life blood spilling,
Stained the bright leaves with their red blood,
While at home their wives and children,
Waited lonely for the father,
Sadly watched for his returning,
Knew not why they were so hungry,
Why he went upon the war path,
Why the wolf's howl made their hearts ache.

When at last of warfare weary,
Met they in the Council chamber,
Where for peace the wise men counciled,
Smoked the pipe of peace together,
Said no more they'd wear the war-paint,
Spoke the great chief, Klack-a-mass-ka,
To the father of Wah-wah-hoo.
"Let us cease this dreadful warfare,

Why should brothers kill each other,
Why should we the club and scalp knife,
Use to torture one another,
Let the cold earth drink our life blood?
As a pledge of peace between us,
Let your son espouse my daughter,
I will give my child in marriage,
To the son of Hyas Tyee."
Then with head down-cast and solemn,
"It is well," replied Hyas Tyee.

Nothing knew the youth Wah-wah-hoo,
Of the plans made by his father,
Of the pledge which he had given,
To the chief Kla-Klack-a-mass-ka,
Until just before the wedding.
Then in grief he sought the maiden,
Sought Hah-Hah and sadly told her,
Of the treaty and the council.

"There is left us one way only,
From the fate that's now impending,
We must seek some far-off country
Where our tribes can never find us,
Where the Great and Gracious Spirit,
He, the One who dwells above us,
Will watch over and protect us;
Will you go with me, my loved one,

To the land where birds sing sweetly,
And the sunshine loves to linger?
There we shall be always happy."

As the wedding feast drew nearer,
Swiftly flew the days before it,
Only one was left for action,
And Wah-Wah-hoo sought his sweetheart,
That their plans might be completed.

She came to him dressed her finest,
In white robe of spotless doe-skin,
Glittering o'er with fine embroidery,
Marked with rare design and fancy,
With the shining colored sea-shells.
Wore she on her graceful shoulders,
Such a shawl so deftly woven
By her dexterous nimble fingers,
From the shredded bark of cedar;
And her lover thought no maiden,
E'er possessed such wonderous beauty,
As the winsome maiden Hah-Hah.
Thus he spoke in words of sadness,
Yet in words of dauntless courage,
As they sat among the flowers,
Shining brightly in the sunshine,
Wilt thou come with me, beloved?
Wilt thou share my joys and sorrows?

Wilt thou help me seek a new home,
In the green hills far beyond us?
I can hear the gentle zephyrs,
Softly calling from the woodlands.
Let us seek this far-off country,
Where we shall be free from danger,
And where we shall both be happy,
And forget about Kla-Klack-hah."
Then, at last, the bright eyed Hah-Hah
Laid her hand upon his shoulder;
Looked at him with face so pensive,
Looked with eyes that shone with love light,
Looked so trustful, tender, pleading;
And in softest accents whispered:
"I will go with thee, beloved!"

In the village of Kla-Klack-hah,
In the home of the great chieftain,
They were making preparations,
For the feast which on the morrow,
For the wedding of his daughter,
To the great chief's son Wah-Wah-hoo,
Would with pomp, be celebrated;
And the maiden on the morrow
In her wedding robes attired,
Waited hour after hour,
For the tardy brave, Wah-Wah-hoo,
Wondering what could keep the bridegroom;

Why on such a great occasion,
He should be so late in coming.
Patiently the whole tribe waited,
Till the sun's last rays had vanished
Far behind the western mountains.
Then the chief in fiercest anger,
Sent swift runners to Hyas Tyee,
To demand an explanation
For the unaccounted insult,
Which to him that day was given
By the tardy youth, Wah-Wah-hoo,
Who had proved a faithless bridegroom.

Highly incensed at the insult,
Which his son had basely offered,
To the great chief, Klack-a-mass-ka,
Hyas Tyee rose in anger,
Searched he vainly for Wah-Wah-hoo;
Searched in all parts of the village;
He had fled to some far country;
And the bright-eyed maiden, Hah-Hah,
From her home was likewise missing;
"They have fled!" cried Hyas Tyee,
"My command is treated lightly,
And my son shall suffer for it;
He shall suffer for this insult."

Then Hyas Tyee called swift runners,
Called them in a hurried council,

Bade them far and near to travel,
Bade them search in every country,
Where the pair might flee for safety,
But they all returned discouraged,
Not one trace of them discovered.

Then the great chief called a council,
Of the beasts and birds and fishes;
In this council he demanded,
They should go and find Wah-Wah-hoo;
Bring the disobedient to him,
That he might be reprimanded,
For his act of disobedience.

Then he spoke unto the eagles,
From their rocky eyries gazing,
In the vaulted heavens soaring,
Or as with their piercing screeches,
They swooped down upon the white swan,
"Go! and find the base Wah-Wah-hoo,
That he may be reprimanded!"
Then straightway the keen-eyed eagles,
With their fiery eyes looked at him,
And with one voice gave him answer,
"O! Hyas Tyee. We'll obey thee;
We will go and find Wah-Wah-hoo!"
Straightway then the eagles mounted,
High in air, and watched they for him,

Soared o'er woods, and plains, and mountains;
Searched in every nook and corner;
With their keen eyes pierced the forest.
On the shores of lakes and rivers,
White-winged sea-gulls kept a lookout,
Save when on the crested white-caps,
They in sport defied the tempest.
Through the sparkling crystal waters,
Swam the trout, and perch and minnows,
With sharp eyes, the shore line scanning,
That Wah-Wah-hoo might not catch them,
With his net, and with his sharp hook.

In the tall trees of the forest,
Frisking squirrels watched and waited,
Ceasing e'en their noisy chatter,
Hoping that the young Wah-Wah-hoo,
With his bended bow of hickory,
Might come hunting in the forest,
And betray his place of hiding.
Yet not one of these could find him,
Nor could tell where he had gone to;
But the wolves (who scattered widely,
Ranging wildly through the forest,
Howling in the gloomy night time,
But from early morn till evening
Chase the doe through moor and thicket),
Soon the hidden trail discovered.

And the chief wolf knew Wah-Wah-hoo
Knew his friend, for he had saved him
And he would not tell his secret,
Nor permit his pack who followed,
To betray his place of hiding.

It is said the little blue-jay
Rules the small birds of the forest,
And he wields a power o'er them.
Now the blue jay bade them hide him
And the lovely maiden Hah-Hah
Where no one could ever find them,
Thus from thence they were protected.

Sent out by the chief Hyas Tyee
With a strict command to find them,
The shrill-toned, shrill-voiced mosquito,
With his countless band of followers:
"Symphony austere" were sounding;
Deep bass viol, and piping piccolo,
Cornet and flute commingling
In a medley, distracting,
Though they found the fleeing couple,
They would not betray their secrets.

Thus it is with beast and insect,
Thus it is with bird and reptile,
Wolf and lamb shall dwell together,

When all hearts are knit together,
And man deals with man as brother,
Then a little child shall lead them.
And he said unto the serpent,
"Go thou silent, quiet traveler,
Who unheard, unseen doth follow,
Through the forest glades his victims,
With thy sting insert the poison,
Glide thou over earth and find them,
Where so e'er they may be hiding.
With thy sharp eyes learn their secret,
Come and tell me all the mystery."
And from out his hole, the serpent,
With his subtle eyes looked at him
And with graceful curve and wriggle
To the chief thus made the answer:
"I will find them, O! my master!"
And he hied him on his journey.

When the fleeing youth Wah-Wah-hoo
And his bride, the bright-eyed Hah-Hah,
Many, many moons had traveled,
They at last reached a bright valley
Filled with sunshine, birds and flowers,
Over which the perfumed zephyrs
Gently swayed the graceful elm trees,
And the grapevine wound his tendrils
In full many a form, fantastic,

While spread out like Eden's Garden
Stretching forth from mount to river,
Reached this spacious fertile valley.
Birds were singing in the branches,
Larks were skimming o'er the meadows,
Bees hummed low among the blossoms,
While the wild rose, fresh and fragant,
Reigned as queen among the flowers;
And the violet and daisy,
Did their part to lend enchantment
To the beauty of the landscape.
Till from mountain unto river,
Till from forest unto forest,
Rolled in graceful inundations,
Like a gorgeous panorama,
Like a Paradise of Eden,
To their view, this wondrous valley,
"Here!" said Wah-hoo, "my beloved,
We shall both be safe from danger.
See the berries in abundance!
We can feast ourselves upon them.
See the fruit which grows luxuriant!
We can pluck and not go hungry;
In the river, the Great Spirit,
For our food has placed the fishes;
From the forest, game and shelter;
Here within this beauteous valley,
Let us build our lodge of birch-bark."

For protection from the tempest,
From the heat, and from the north wind,
Out of poles he built a tepee,
Built a lodge for warmth and shelter,
Where they two might dwell together
In the joy of their seclusion.
With strong poles of ash and cedar,
With much care he laid the framework,
Closely covered it with birch-bark.
And the blue smoke curling upward,
Gently blown by morning zephyrs,
Gave a touch of life to nature,
Sent enchantment to the valley.
And their hearts beat fast with pleasure
As they looked upon their dwelling.

When the lodge had been completed,
And they looked with pride upon it,
With a joy and satisfaction,
Known only to the workman
Who with utmost skill has labored
His appointed task to finish
And with pride says: "It is well done!"

Then a light canoe he fashioned,
Built it of the yellow birch-bark,
And the white swan on the river
Floated not with curve more graceful

Than this chemaun of Wah-Wah-hoo,
As his light craft skimmed the water
Guided by the skilful pilot.
Then he fashioned wondrous weapons,
Glittering spear, and barbed arrows;
Long bows made of stalwart hickory
That could send the flint stone arrow
Like the lightning on its journey,
Leaping, hissing, on its journey
To the heart of bear or beaver;
Or from top of tallest hemlock,
He could shoot the golden pheasant,
Or bring down the dainty pigeon.
While her husband thus was busied,
Gentle, bright-eyed, happy Hah-Hah
Brought the cedar bark and wove it,
Into many colored blankets,
Mats she made for them to walk on,
From the rushes she had gathered,
Nets made she from roots of hemlock.
Thus this young and happy couple
Seemed to know no care or sorrow,
Well content to dwell together,
Sighed they not for keener pleasure.
Each day seemed a day of sunshine,
When each day their task was ended,
Hand in hand they walked together,
Watched the shadows of the tall trees

Longer grow across the valley,
Watched the sunset's crimson glory,
Change its color in the heavens;
Watched the birds as they flew homeward
To their nests in shady woodlands.
Thus their life was crowned with blessings,
Crowned with peace, and true enjoyment.
Thus it is when the Great Spirit,
Joins a man and maid together,
When true love and fond affection
Joins their hearts to one another,
Seals their love with bond celestial.
Like the stalwart oak, the husband,
Beating off the storms that gather;
For the wife, rest and protection,
Like the grape vine, is the woman,
Clinging closely to her husband,
Strengthens him for each endeavor.
Who would cut such love assunder?
Who destroy their holy union?

Now, alas! a change came o'er them;
And their joy was turned to sorrow.
Night came on, and storm and tempest;
Winter came, Colésnass (the winter).
Cold winds blew and thick the snow fell.
Who can tell why the Great Spirit,
Turns his face against his children,

And allows them thus to suffer?
Why he plucks their fairest flowers,
And the ones we love best, perish?

So it was with young Wah-Wah-hoo
And the winsome, bright-eyed Hah-Hah,
For one day Colésnass (the winter)
From his home in the far Northland,
Came forth to their place of hiding.
In the morning from the tepee,
Walked he forth toward the river,
Thus spoke he in words commanding,
As he stretched his great hands skyward,
Let thick ice congeal this river!
So that man can walk upon it!
Let the lakes and ponds and brooklets,
With thick ice be covered over!
And forthwith the frost made answer,
O! my master! I obey thee!
Then he turned toward the mountain,
Hands outstretched, and head uncovered,
In the breeze his white locks flowing,
And in deep bass voice commanded:
That the hills, and plains and valleys,
With snow should be covered over.
Straightway, then, the storm clouds gathered.
Ashen gray, the sky o'erspreading;
Calm the air, and still the forest,

E'en the seered leaves ceased their falling;
To their dens the wild beasts hied them,
For they knew a storm was coming.
Such a hush suffused the forest
That the heart felt sad and lonely;
As from fear, and sad foreboding,
And a thrill of joy, and sorrow;
Each one striving for the mastery
Swayed the soul with strong emotions.
Then a white flake fluttered downward,
White and pure as spotless swan's down;
Then another, and another,
Hurrying not to end their journey;
But in sportive play to linger
Till they reached their destination.
Faster, now, the flakes are falling,
Till the earth with snow is covered.

Hark! what is that sound which rises
From the bosom of the forest;
Can it be a lion roaring
As he leaps upon his victim?
See! the forest trees are swaying!
Stalwart oaks are bending downward,
Now a moan, a wail, a sighing
From the tall trees of the forest;
And it surges nearer, nearer,
Till it bursts with all its fury,

Rocking, swaying, all the forest,
Rushing on with roar triumphant,
Bursting with a shock, appalling!
Thus it sweeps the whole wide country.

With the winter came the famine,
Came the famine and the hunger,
For Wah-Wah-hoo could no longer
Catch the fish to stay their hunger;
And no game was in the forest,
Though he sought in vain to find it.
Then the bright-eyed, trustful Hah-Hah
Laid her down upon the bear skin,
Tried in vain to stop the tear drops,
From her eyes which fast were falling;
And her cheeks grew pale and paler;
Sighed she then for her own country;
And Wah-Wah-hoo in the forest,
Hunting with his bow and arrows
For a trace of deer or pheasant,
That he to his lodge might hasten,
Make the broth to save his loved one.
But, alas! in vain he hunted,
Till his heart grew sick with anguish;
Then the night grew dark around him,
And the storm clouds darkly lowered.
As the sun sank and the night came,
Sank his soul in gloom and darkness.

Then a voice came in the darkness,
"O! Wah-Wah-hoo, my beloved,
I must go away and leave you;
Far away from this drear valley,
From the lodge so cold and cheerless;
To a land that knows no hunger,
Where we need no fire to warm us,
To a land where Yelth, the raven,
Can not steal away the fire.
Farewell, husband, I am going,
I can hear a soft voice calling,
To the land of the Great Spirit.
I will meet you there beloved,
In the land that knows no weeping."

When the voice had ceased its pleading,
And the night winds moaned about him,
Such a sadness seized upon him,
Such a sad and dread foreboding,
That at once he started homeward;
For he feared that death had entered,
His cold lodge and slain his Hah-Hah.

When at last his lodge he entered
From his long and toilsome journey,
No bright fire was there to greet him,
No bright smile a welcome gave him,
No fond arms outstretched to meet him;

For the chief of death had entered,
Carried off the soul of Hah-Hah,
Left her body cold and lifeless,
Fair hands folded on her bosom.
Then Wah-Wah-hoo, broken-hearted,
Laid him down upon the bear skin;
Laid him down beside his Hah-Hah,
Shook his frame with deep emotion;
Heaved his breast like ocean billows;
And the tears fell from his eye-lids
Till his couch was wet with weeping.
Never more the trustful Hah-Hah
With those eyes would look upon him,
Never more would walk beside him
In the glowing evening sunset.
For a day and night he lay there,
Wept as if his heart were breaking.

Who can tell what anguish stirs him,
When the husband and provider
Sees that want and desolation
Stare upon his wife and children,
And he fears they will go hungry!

Then at last a longing seized him,
A great longing for his Hah-Hah,
"I will follow my beloved,
To the land of the Great Spirit,

Colesick, death, refused to take me;
But my loved one I will follow,
I shall find her in the soul land."

Straightway then he took the body,
To a great rock there he bore it;
To a high rock where the river
Leaped and sparkled far beneath him;
For the rock o'erhung the river,
And the great fall roared below it.
He would leap into the river.
With one arm he held the maiden
Closely folded to his bosom;
With the other raised to heaven,
Thus he stood upon the boulder,
Thus he stood, with one foot forward,
Calm, erect, and death defiant,
With his eyes cast toward the heavens,
He his death song sadly chanted:
"O! my Hah-Hah thou hast left me,
Thou hast left me, my beloved;
On that white road thou art walking,
I can see it in the heavens;
And I cannot live without thee,
Hark! I hear the water roaring,
And its voice is like the music,
'Tis the voice of my beloved,
Calling to me from the soul land.

I will go and join my loved one
In the land of pleasant forests."
As his shrill war-whoop he sounded,
Leaped he, in the foaming waters.
But Wah-Wah-hoo did not perish,
Though Colesick he vainly courted;
For some power in the water
Held him firm above the mad waves;
Bore him down the raging current,
Through the rapids and the whirlpool,
Safe upon the shore it cast him.

When again his eyes he opened,
He was in his father's tepee;
And his father, great Hyas Tyee,
Was the first to look upon him;
And his frown was like the tempest.

In great anger then his father,
Spoke unto the disobedient:
"Thou hast sinned against thy father
Thou hast held his council lightly,
Thou hast brought disgrace upon us,
Brought us shame and dire confusion;
For the warriors of our nation,
Thou art not a fit companion.
Thus I cast thee out forever!
From this moment, I transform thee,

To a green frog of the marshes,
So, begone! unto thy dwelling;
In the mud shalt thou sit daily,
Sing to me from morn till evening,
Sitting thus upon thy haunches,
Looking at me with thy wall eyes.
At the least noise that thou hearest,
In the muddy water leaping."

So into a frog he changed him
By the magic of his power,
And each night a song he's singing,
Sings he mournful little ditties.
As his mournful songs he's singing,
He is calling to his loved one,
To his wife, the bright-eyed Hah-Hah;
And Hah-Hah, the spirit maiden,
Wanders nightly through the marshes,
Through the swamps, each night she wanders,
Seeking for her missing husband,
While she seeks she holds a white light,
Small and high it goes before her,
Now it moves so slow and steady,
Now it darts as does a firefly,
Now it disappears entirely.
She is looking for Wah-Wah-hoo,
But she never finds her husband;
For whenever she approaches,

He in fear leaps in the water;
Thus this trustful spirit maiden,
Wanders on and on not knowing,
That she's been so near her husband,
Near the one she has been seeking.

So night after night, the faint glow
Can be seen from Hah-Hah's lantern.
Here and there among the marshes,
See the little white light gleaming;
And it cheers the spirit maiden,
As she seeks for her beloved;
And it says to her "Despair not,
If you seek him, you will find him,
Fear thee not," the little light says.

So it is as on we journey,
Through this world of song and sunshine,
Through this world at times so lonely
When the eyes are dim with weeping,
Goes our little light before us,
Goes our light of hope to cheer us,
High and white it is uplifted,
Like a faint star in the heavens,
Ever says to us, "Have courage."
"Will-o'-the-Wisp" is what they called it,
As faint it gleamed through reeds and marches,
Will-o'-the-Wisp, of hope an emblem;

But 'tis the light held up by Hah-Hah,
'Tis but the white light of her lantern,
As the faithful spirit maiden
Seeks Wah-Wah-hoo through the Marsh-
land.

THE LOVE OF CUSI-COYLLUR — JOYFUL STAR

A Peruvian Drama-Legend

Pachacutive had a daughter,
Joyful Star the name they gave her,
Fair was she as rosy morning,
And the Inca loved her dearly,
She was both his joy and comfort.

Until the day that chief Ollanto
First beheld the beauteous maiden,
And her eyes beheld the chieftain,
Joyful Star had been contented,
Happy dwelt she with her mother.

One bright day as she was walking
Heart free, care-free, in the garden,
Happened she to meet the chieftain;
By his dress she quickly knew him,
And he likewise knew the maiden.

Now Ollanta and Cusi-Coyllur
Knew their love to be unlawful,
For a chief, however noble,
Might not wed a royal princess
Who was daughter of the Inca.

But at length the handsome princess
To the chief was joined in marriage,
And their rapture knew no limit.

As the golden summer passeth
To the brown of glorious autumn,
With its load of luscious fruitage,
Trees with fruit are bending downward,
And the autumn swiftly changes,
To the frost of chilling winter;
So the joy of fair Cusi-Coyllur,
Soon was changed to bitter sorrow.
For her husband, brave Ollanta,
By the order of the Inca,
Hastened on an expedition;
Which of grave import portended;
Went without the Inca's knowledge
Of his daughter's secret marriage.

One day from the war returning,
Chief Ollanta sought an audience,
With his wife, the fair Cusi-Coyllur;
Said they must proclaim their marriage,
And no longer keep it secret;
But Cusi-Coyllur interrupted,
See the Inca first and tell him,
That his wrath may not be kindled,
That our lives be not imperiled.

So Ollanta sought an audience,
With the stern, imperious Inca;
Told his love for fair Cusi-Coyllur,
Sought the Inca's gracious favor
For his daughter's hand in marriage.

But with scorn was met his pleading,
Turned deaf ears to his entreaties;
Went Ollanta in fierce anger
From the presence of the Inca;
Went he forth to cause rebellion
And supplant his haughty sovereign.

Now amidst this dire confusion,
Joyful Star had borne a daughter;
And great joy possessed the mother,
As she held her babe close to her,
Pressed her closely to her bosom,
As she looked into her brown eyes,
Saw the child was fair to look on.
In the rapture of her first love,
"O! how beautiful," she whispered.
"Yma Sumac, we will call her."
Thus! How Beautiful they named her.

Then her punishment descended,
Swiftly on her head, descended;
For How Beautiful, her daughter,

From her arms was rudely taken,
Snatched by force from off her bosom.

Not a word the frantic mother
Learned about her precious offspring,
But within the darksome dungeon,
Crouched she on the floor in frenzy;
So intense and deep her grief was,
That she knew not of the dungeon,
And the prison which enclosed her,
"Where! Oh, where! was her dear infant?
Had they crushed the little life out?
Had they cruelly slain her darling?
Where! Oh, where! could be her husband?
Had he fallen in the battle?
Had he left her, lone and helpless?
Knew he that her heart was breaking?"
Thus for days and years she waited,
Hoping for one ray of sunshine.

As the sailor on the ocean
When the tempest wild is raging,
When the billows like great mountains
Rock his frail barque on their bosom,
Now upon the wave uplifted,
Now into the deep descending,
Until caught between the billows,
Like a frightened steed, it shudders,

Then with spray is covered over;
And as night comes on, and darkness,
Settles o'er the storm-swept ocean,
And the gale grows fierce, and fiercer,
Seems each moment that his frail barque,
Will be swallowed up forever.
Then a ray of hope inspires,
Seems to cheer him in the darkness,
Says there's one who rules the tempest,
Takes the helm and acts as pilot,
Till the tempest has subsided,
Till the storm has all passed over.
Then he watches through the darkness,
Strains his eyes for one faint glimmer
Of the welcome light of morning,
That into its destined harbor,
His good ship may glide in safety,
So Cusi-Coyllur, from her dungeon,
Raised her eyes toward the heavens,
Breathed a prayer to God The Father.

If the walls of gloomy dungeons
Could but speak and tell the story
Of the lives of those they sheltered,
Who within their walls have suffered,
Such a tale would shock the bravest,
And would bring the scalding tear drops,
To the eyes of stoutest warrior.

If their tears dropped in one channel,
They would make a tiny river
Which would never cease from flowing;
If their sobs and groans united,
Such a moan would move the heavens
As the noise of distant thunder.
Who can tell why man can harbor,
Such a hatred for his brother,
Cause him so much pain and anguish?
Thus Cusi-Coyllur basely suffered.

By the mandates of the Inca,
By his stern imperial council,
Child and mother in one prison,
Were condemned to dwell together;
Under one roof closely guarded;
But no knowledge had the mother,
Of the presence of the daughter,
And How Beautiful, the daughter,
Knew not of the mother's presence.
Like Evangeline and Gabriel,
When they passed so near each other,
That they felt each other's presence;
Filled each heart with strange foreboding.

As How Beautiful, grew older,
And her guardian, Pitu-Salla,
Told her little charge to wander,

To and fro among the flowers,
Of the guarded convent garden,
Moans and sobs would oft attract her,
From within the wall's enclosure;
Then the child would stop and listen,
To the sounds so sad and mournful;
Then her heart felt sad and lonely,
Strange sad thoughts would oft oppress her;
Fill her with a grief appealing.
Sore distressed her childish heart was,
For the one who thus must suffer.
Then she hastened to her guardian,
Told the sister of the woman;
Told her of her heart's strange longing,
Then she said with tears fast falling,
"Something tells me that I know her."

As How Beautiful grew older,
Day by day increased her questions;
But they feared to tell the secret.
For the Inca had commanded
Never to betray the secret;
If she did, severest torture
Waited for its execution.
No! Cusi-Coyllur in the dungeon,
Must a prisoner stay forever;
And How Beautiful's sad pleadings
Must unanswered be forever.

As the stone by constant dropping
Of the gentle liquid rain drops,
Forms a groove, full as distinctive
As if cut with drill of diamond,
So the tender constant pleadings
Of the child for one in trouble
Won the heart of Pitu-Salla;
And she told her all the secret;
Risked her life, to tell the maiden.

Who can stand a woman's pleading,
Turn a deaf ear to her crying?
Say to her: "Anwasta Kena!"
Set his teeth and look straight forward,
Make his heart as hard as flint stone;
If to-day he is triumphant,
She will come again to-morrow;
When he sees the tear drops glisten,
Sees the heaving of her bosom,
Will his heart not be relenting?
Then anew with strong entreaty,
With her pleading tones she reasons.
His whole heart at last he tells her,
Like to Samson, Judge of Israel,
When he listened to Delilah,
Who the while that she was weeping,
Near at hand, had her sharp scissors,
That his thick locks she might sever,

Rob him of his wondrous power.
When, at last, his strength has failed him,
When his enemies have bound him,
When in prison pen he's grinding,
When his sight is gone forever,
Does she soothe him with her kisses?
Does she comb his locks and braid them?
She for paltry bribe has sold him,
Now no more her heart is breaking;
Eyes no more are red with weeping.
Thus it is with woman's influence;
Either for the good or evil;
If 'tis for the pure and noble,
To the heavens she uplifts him,
Is his guide and inspiration;
Makes his life to man a blessing,
Stands beside him in the darkness,
Cheers him by her words of wisdom.
Or if evil she is choosing,
Down to hell she vilely casts him;
Robs him of his manly power,
Makes him grovel in the dungeon,
Blind to all that's true and noble,
Blind to every God-like virtue,
Hears he not the entrancing music,
Sees he not the glorious sunlight,
Heeds he not the words of wisdom,
Heeds no more his brother's heart-ache.

Thus when in her net she holds him,
She with mocking laugh, derides him,
Says: down! down to hell! I cast thee!

Just at this time came a message,
Of the death of Pachacutive,
And that his son, young Yapanque,
On the throne was firmly seated;
This was fair Cusi-Coyllur's brother.
Now the sister, Pitu-Salla,
Hastened to the convent garden;
That she might inform the daughter,
Of the news that had been brought her;
Good news, which had brought them blessings,
And removed their pall of sorrow,
And foretold a glad reunion,
Swiftly to be consummated.

What in all this world of gladness,
In this world of grief and sadness,
Brings more joy than news that's welcome?
Brings a message from some good friend,
Swiftly flashed upon the wire;
Comes a missive from a distance,
Brings us good news unexpected;
Comes a letter from a loved one
That fulfills our heart's desire;
Comes perchance from o'er the ocean

From our soldier boy, our hero,
Who is fighting for his country,
That he's happy and victorious,
As he fights for country's freedom,
Or perchance that one who lingers,
In the Valley of the Shadow,
Change has taken for the better;
And to health is fast returning.
Thus with good news went the sister
To the gloomy convent dungeon.

Pitu-Salla led the daughter,
To the mother's gloomy dungeon;
Then the door she gently opened,
Then, How Beautiful, the maiden,
Softly stepped across the threshold.
There before her, stood her mother.
With fond look, she gazed upon her,
Then the hot tears trickled downward,
From those eyes so long expectant,
From those eyes with lovelight beaming.
Then with slender arms entwining
Round that dear form, crushed with sorrow
Head pressed close to mother's bosom
Gently sobbed, "At last! my mother!"
Then the mother in one moment,
Felt the joy of years returning,
Felt a rapture which repaid her,

For the lonely years of waiting;
Like the patriarch of Israel,
When he found his long lost Joseph.

Now throughout the years, Ollanta,
For Cusi-Coyllur had been seeking;
Not one trace could he discover,
But that he might find his loved one,
Led he still another faction.
This time sore defeat he suffered,
And with many of his followers,
Taken prisoner by the Inca.
When the Inca, Zupanqui;
Learned about Ollanta's capture,
Quickly sent he for the prisoner,
Had him brought into his presence;
That he might be given his freedom.

Scarcely was his freedom granted,
When there came before the Inca,
How Beautiful, Ollanta's daughter,
Pleading for her mother's freedom.
In her earnest, winsome manner,
Knelt she down before the Inca,—
Heeding not Ollanta's presence,
In his ears she told the story
Of the prison and the dungeon;
How her mother long had suffered.
Waiting for her child and husband.

Told him of her groans and anguish,
Told how she at last had found her
By her groans and by her weeping,
When within the gloomy dungeon.
"Since at last I've found my mother,
She has only one great sorrow;
That is for her long lost husband."

Now the Inca knew the secret,
And for years long past had known it;
His fond wish was that the couple,
Might at last be brought together.
So he took the child and placed her,
In the strong arms of her father;
Saying to her as he did so,
"Winsome child, behold thy father.
This is he whom thou art seeking,
We will go and find thy mother."

There within the convent prison,
There within the darksome dungeon,
Where for many months Cusi-Coyllur
Wept as if her heart were breaking,
Found her husband and embraced him
As one from the dead returning.
'Twas How Beautiful, their daughter,
Who had brought them to each other;
Had through years of patient pleading
Caused them to be re-united.

Thus from out the storm-tossed ocean
Of their lives' tempestuous billows,
Thus from out the midnight darkness
Which had gathered o'er the princess,
Came she to the glorious sunshine.
Sailed at last their storm-tossed vessel.
O'er the adverse seas of fortune,
Safely to its destined harbor.

THE SEA OF LIFE

As o'er the sea of life, I sail,
A steadfast course my barque I steer,
Fear not the boistrous winds that blow,
My Pilot ever near.

O'er adverse seas my barque I steer,
Mid ocean's wild tempestuous foam;
I tremble not nor fear the deep;
My Pilot guides me home.

Sometimes upon the billow's crest,
My boat like storm-tossed bird is borne;
Sometimes descends into the deep,
With sails all wet and torn.

When night comes on and lightnings flash,
When loud the deafening thunders roar,
I know my Pilot rules the deep,
And I shall reach the shore.

My own heart tells me I am safe,
That naught but good shall came to me,
The Spirit whispers in my ear,
"Fear not! I'm guiding thee."

The stars go down to rise again;
The tidal wave comes to the sea;
The bread I on the water cast,
Will come again to me.

What though the storm be fierce and wild,
And threatening clouds obscure the way?
Sometime the heavy clouds will break;
The sun will shine some day.

For lo! when rosy morning breaks,
Serene, I glide on ocean's crest,
And watch the glorious tinted sky,
Crimson and Amethyst.

So! unto joyful star that day,
The sun of life was calm, serene,
At last her husband she had found,
And he had found his queen.

THE BENDED ROCKS

A Story of Niagara

Bending Willow was a maiden
Beautiful in form and feature;
She of all among the maidens,
Noted for her wondrous beauty,
In the land of handsome women.

Many suitors had the maiden,
But they all had been rejected;
For the girl her heart had given
To a young and handsome warrior
Of a warlike, distant nation.

Now she felt that soon this warrior
Would return, and cast a red deer
At the feet of Bending Willow,
As a token that he loved her,
And desired his bride to make her.

Among her suitors was an old man
Who was homely, scarred, and wrinkled;
And his hair was gray and shaggy;
Gray and shaggy as a badger
When he burrows in the forest.
But this old man was a chieftain,

Rich was he, and had great power;
Cruel he was, for when the young men,
Were to prove themselves by torture:
Worthy of the name of warriors,
He devised hard tests more dreadful
Than were known among the Indians,
Until this cruel chief devised them.
Now the warriors named him No Heart;
And the name was rightly given;
For this hideous gray-haired No Heart,
Swore he'd marry this fair maiden.

Bending Willow begged and pleaded,
Fell upon her knees imploring
That her parents would refuse him,
Save her from this cruel chief's power;
But, alas! in vain she pleaded.

On the night before the marriage,
Fled she through the gloomy forest,
Threw herself upon the damp ground,
Lying there until the morning,
Sobbed as if her heart were breaking.

As she lay beneath the green trees,
Listening to the distant thunder,
Of the great fall of Niagara,
Suddenly, she heard the fall say,

"I will save you from the cruel chief,
If you take your boat and launch it,
Just above me, on the river."

Very early in the morning,
When no sound disturbed the village,
Stole she to her father's wigwam,
Her canoe she took and drew it
To the edge of the great river;
Stepping in, adrift she set it,
Headed it toward the cataract.

First her barque moved slowly onward,
Like an autumn leaf borne gently
On a quiet meadow streamlet;
And the winsome Indian maiden,
Stood erect as on it glided.
Now the frail barque moved more swiftly,
As it drifted toward the rapids;
Now it rocked, and moved unsteady,
Now it shuddered as if frightened
At the white foam it had entered;
Trembled at the noise of thunder,
Bellowing deep-voiced just below it.
Faster, faster sped the light craft,
Swiftly, swiftly, still more swiftly,
Like a withered branch it bounded,
On the milk-white crested billows;

But the maiden calmly stood there,
Bravely stood with arms extended,
Balancing her life like Chemaun.
Feared she not the treacherous billows,
Trembled not at dread Niagara,
Breathed a prayer to the Great Spirit.

Now her frail barque seemed to tremble
On the brink of dread Niagara;
For a moment Bending Willow,
Saw the gleam of bright green waters;
Then she felt that she was lifted,
By the great white wings that held her,
Far above the rocks she dreaded,
Then the water was divided;
And she passed into a dark cave,
Just behind a beauteous rainbow,
Safe from all impending danger.
Spirit of Cloud and Rain had found her,
To his lodge he safely bore her.
Thus the Great and Gracious Spirit,
Saves the good in time of danger.

Cloud and Rain gave her a wrapper
That she might not feel the cold air;
Then he found a cosy corner
Which had shut out all the dampness,
Warmed her by a magic fire.

Running underneath the great fall,
And it throws its green and yellow
Flames across the falling waters,
Forms a prism-colored rainbow.
Seated her upon soft cushions
Made of softest, whitest ermine;
Brought her food to make her stronger,
Savory fish and dainty jelly,
Made from strange and wondrous mosses
By the skilful Water Spirits.

When at last the maid was rested
From her perilous adventure,
Then she looked about this weird lodge
Where the Cloud Rain Spirit brought her,
Saw a door of wondrous fashion.
'Twas a green wave of Niagara,
And the walls were gray rock-studded
With the beauteous white stone flowers.
Then she saw the one who saved her
From the foaming seething waters.
Spirit of Cloud and Rain his name was,
Little, old, and white his face was,
Hair and beard as white and fluffy
As the white spray mist which rises
Day and night from Old Niagara.

Then the old man gently soothed her,
Told her now to cease from weeping;
For if she would share his dwelling,
He would guard and keep her safely,
Till the chief was dead and buried.
"At this moment," said the old man,
"Lies a huge and poisonous serpent,
On the outskirts of the village;
Poisoning the spring where No Heart,
Draws the water that he uses,
And his death is almost certain."

There the maiden dwelt securely,
Guarded by the Cloud Rain Spirit;
Until warriors of her village,
Slew the grim old chieftain, No Heart;
Killed and cast him out forever;
Till the serpent, huge and poisonous,
Too, was slain, by valiant warriors,
Pierced by many a lance and arrow.
Then they took his hideous body,
Drew it to the surging waters
Of the swiftly flowing river.
Then with concentrated effort,
Hurled him in above the great fall,
That he might be carried over,
And be swallowed by the whirlpool,
Seething, surging down the river;

But so huge his ponderous body
That it lodged upon the boulder,
And the mighty rocks were bended;
And unto this day, remain so.
Thus was Bending Willow rescued,
From the cruel old chieftain, No Heart,
And obtained her heart's desire.

THE BIRTH OF THE ARBUTUS

Dedicated to the passengers and crew of the *Russia* on her Northern trip, September 8–16, 1908.

Many, many moons ago,
In a land of ice and snow,
Where the pale moon did faintly glimmer
On a lake and a frozen river,
And the Pole-star dimly shine
On the birch and northern pine;
In a damp, lonely lodge of dreary view,
Dwelt the desolate Manito.

Cruel and brave was the Manito,
Wrinkled and white was his lofty brow,
Keen and gray was his piercing eye,
And fierce as the eagle of the sky.
And, drooping forward, his massive form
Was bent by the weight of many a storm;
But his boast and pride was his crown of snow,
White as the drifts which the north winds blow.

Warmly clad was the Manito,
In the fur of the bear and the cunning beaver;
But none too warmly, for winter was here,
And the fields were white, and the leaves were sere;

Down came the chill winds from the bleak mountain side
And wildly whistled through branches and trees,
Chilling the birds and killing the bees.
The evil spirits in desolation
Sought, for safety, a new habitation
In the sheltering caves of ice and snow,
Safe from the breath which the wintry winds blow.

The haughtiest monarch will meet his fate,
The cruelest tyrant receive his blow,
So out of his lodge in the biting cold
Is the desolate Manito forced to go.
The hand of Time, who makes all things old,
Has laid his hand on the Tyrant gray,
In grief and despair, in anguish and prayer,
The sad hearted Suppliant takes his way,
A shivering wreck, to his lonely lodge,
In the fading beams of the closing day.

In the tree-tops the wind was moaning loud —
The giant thought of his coffin and shroud.
It sighed and shrieked in sounds most dreary,
Inside, the old man was weak and weary:
It circled around his lodge once more,
And blew back the bear skin from the door;
And a beautiful maiden, of charms untold,
Entered the lodge of the Tyrant old.

Large were her eyes and glowed with light
As shine the eyes of the fawn at night;
Red were her cheeks as the leaves of the rose
That on the bank of the streamlet grows.
Her graceful form and features fair
Were crowned by her wealth of tresses rare,
So long that they brushed the floor of the King,
And glossy and black as the raven's wing.

Of grasses and ferns was her winsome gown,
A wreath of flowers her priceless crown,
Her dainty feet wore moccasins rare —
White lilies embroidered with violets fair.
Her hands were clad in willow-buds gay,
Her gestures were graceful as fawn at play.

The voice of the maiden was soft and sweet
As the south wind who kisses the fields of wheat,
Her breath as fragant as flowers in May,
That open their leaves at the peep of day.
As the zephyrs of spring unloose the stream,
And change the glade to a fairy-land dream,
So the wintry wind rushed back in affright,
And the lodge was enchanted with warmth and light.
The Manito sat in his great arm-chair,
And viewed with wonder the maiden fair,
At last his lips the silence broke,
And in tremulous tones a welcome spoke.

" Come, sit thou here and tell me thy name,
And tell me the land from whence you came;
And tell me why, like the hunted deer,
You wander alone in the forest here.
And tell me the place where thy people dwell,
And the charm and grace of thy wondrous spell,
Until thou dost weary, thou then shalt know,
Of the victories and deeds of the fierce Manito."

The maiden smiled, and the sunlight's beam,
Through the roof of the lodge, shot its golden gleam;
The pipe of friendship the old man took,
And stroked his beard with a peaceful look;
But when the blue smoke began to soar,
A boasting braggart he proved once more;
And terrible deeds he did then unfold,
As pirate, cruising in quest of gold.

" When I, the Manito, blow my breath,
The rivers are still in the grip of death,
The waves of the great lakes break no more,
With their martial music, upon the shore.
The murmuring streamlets are silent and still,
For all the waters obey my will.
I roar with delight when I plainly see
The havoc which has been wrought by me."
Then spoke the maid, in accents sweet:

"The Manito is strong and great,
The waters know his poisonous breath,
For, at its touch, they chill in death;
But, when the woodlands see me smiling,
The hills and glades and glens beguiling,
Flowers are seen in the forest springing
All in tune, with the song-birds singing.
Grasses green and fields inviting,
All in tune with the meadow-lark's piping."

With eyes that glowed like coals of fire,
The giant roused him in his ire,
And, standing like a stag at bay,
Or lion crouching for his prey,
In tones as deep as the lion's roar,
The grizzly Manito spoke once more.

"When I shake my locks, the wild winds blow,
And the earth is covered with frost and snow;
The leaves all die and fall to the ground,
For scarce a leaf on a tree is found.
The birds desert their nests and fly
Far over the lakes, from the wintry sky;
In sheltered caves on the mountain's side,
In terror and fear do the animals hide;
When I wrinkle my brow or wave my hand,
The wind wails its death chant over the land."

As lovely woman only knows
The balm which soothes the stern man's woes,
And softly whispers just the word
To soothe the spirit of her lord;
And all his foolish notions ridding,
Sweetly makes him do her bidding,
So this fair maid, with accents sweet,
Brought the fierce Storm King to her feet.

"Great is the Manito," said the maid,
"In all the land is his power displayed,
His mighty name is feared by all
The living things, both great and small.
Mighty and cruel is the Manito,
And cunning as the Indian brave,
His strength surpasses the mountain oak,
Which, with one blow of his hand, is broke.

"But I am gentle," quoth the maiden,
"And with the breath of the flowers laden;
When I walk forth, a winsome rover,
Floods of sunlight float all over.
The trees are dressed in beauteous green,
Fit for the fancy of the queen;
While in the dell the violet's hue
Vies with the skies' ethereal blue;
And the fond dove to his mate is cooing,
Charmed by the song of the South Wind's wooing.

Again the blue-bird rears her young,
Her mate, his watchful vigil keeping.
The brook trout sport in the silvery stream,
And through the forest the red deer's leaping.
The Indian brave tells his tale of love
To the bashful maiden, who hides her blushes;
But see, the Manito drops his head,
As into the lodge the South Wind rushes."

The Storm King raised his head once more,
As if his boasting were not o'er;
But the maiden gently waved her hand
As the magician waves his wand.
He then began to shake and shiver,
And every nerve in his body quiver;
The maiden smiled at her gentle power
When she saw the Manito growing small,
For he had come to his fatal hour,
And his boasting pride must have a fall.
At last, when he opened his mouth to speak,
The gurgling waters began to flow;
And the garments that covered his vanishing form,
Were changed to bright and glistening leaves.
Then knelt the maiden upon the ground
And took from her bosom most precious flowers,
Such as grow in northern bowers.
Modest, fragrant and rose-white were they,
Sweetest flowers of loveliest May.

She hid them under the leaves with care,
And breathed with her love — a perfume rare.

"I give, O precious jewels, to thee,
My virtues and my sweet breath,
And men shall pluck thee with bowed head,
And gather thee on bended knee!"

As over the mountains and meads she went,
The song-birds sang her a chorus of cheer,
Wherever she stepped, and nowhere else,
Arbutus grow with fragrance rare.

As the maid's kind words and accents sweet
Brought the fierce giant to her feet,
So gentle words, like drops of rain,
Will often soothe the heart of pain.
To gentle words the power is given
To transform earth and open heaven;
For heaven comes to earth like spring,
When in the heart the song-birds sing;
And spring's rare beauties stir in me
The hopes of immortality.

THE WISE CHIEFTAIN;
OR,
THE INDIAN POET

One time there lived a chieftain wise,
Upon The Little Traverse shore;
Where now a summer city vies
With fairy cities built of yore
That looked the waters o'er.

Such fascination has the spot,
He built a lodge, and prized it well;
My beautiful home, he named the place,
And henceforth here, he chose to dwell;
Enchanted by its spell.

Oft when returning from the chase,
He loved to watch the setting sun
On crimson sky, its beauty trace,
(When to its close the day had come),
Of its entrancing grace.

When the bright sun has sunk to rest,
And night had spread her sable folds,
He loved those quiet hours the best,
When God with man communion holds,
And bird has found its nest.

On meditation then intent,
He studied well the fiery Mars,
Or with poetic rapture bent,
He gazed upon the moon and stars,
With nature well content.

Then from his contemplation keen,
He penned his thoughts on memory's roll,
And from his own heart sought to paint
Passions and longings of the soul
Portrayed on memory's screen.

From generations long, long past,
A stanza has been handed down;
That shows he on the pale-face cast
The shadow of his darkening frown
Deep seated still doth last.

"Although the crafty, cruel pale-face,
In our fair land may yet be found,
He'll never, never find a place,
Within our happy hunting ground,
Nor any of his race."

One morn they found him on the beach,
Where all night long he strove to see
What in the shining firmament,

The meaning of the stars could be;
In rapturous wonderment.

Thus do we find in every clime,
In every race beneath the sun,
Great souls who strive for heights sublime;
The trodden paths of ease they shun,
Till laurel wreath is won.

APOSTROPHE TO A MOCCASIN FLOWER

Beauteous flower, wet with dew,
When I thy wondrous grace behold,
Dearer thy beauty is to me,
Than costly treasures bought with gold,
Fair Indian Flower!

Fair Lady's Slipper, sweet thou art,
Among the rarest of the flowers;
Can lily, rose, or violet,
Surpass thy fragrance in the bowers?
Dear Indian Flower!

When first I saw thee in the wild,
In woodland's fragrant mossy dell,
Full many a winding path I trod,
That I might fall beneath thy spell;
O Moccasin Flower!

The very spot on which I stood,
The very bank where thou didst grow,
Are treasured as a memory sweet,
As thy rare charms I learned to know,
Dear Moccasin Flower!

I wonder not at thy great charm,
Since for thy birth two lives were given,
And sorrow, that no balm could heal,
Or solace give, this side of heaven;
Fair Indian Flower!

And thus it is, while here we stay,
Upon this world, of joy, and pain,
'Tis by the path of toil and death;
That we shall glory's crown obtain;
O! Indian Flower!

HOW LAWISWIS WAS RESCUED BY THE WHITE ROSES

A Legend of the Oregon Indians

Long ago on Mount Tacoma,
On the snow-capped Mount Tacoma,
Lived Nekahni, the Great Spirit,
Near the fields with white snow covered,
Tended he his flocks of wild goats.

From this rocky elevation,
Looked he down upon the red men,
Cared for them because he loved them,
Ruled the world by his great power.

Now below him in the valley,
Dwelt the beautiful Lawiswis;
Perfect both in form and feature,
Graceful she in every gesture,
Other maidens all surpassing.
At her birth the tinted sea shells
Gave her of their wondrous beauty,
Gave her of their matchless power,
Gave her of their sweetest music,
And the roses gave their fragrance.

When she went unto the sea shore,
All things seemed to do her bidding.
Vied the shells with one another,
Who the morning dew could bring her
Soonest that she be not thirsty.
And 'tis said the flowers loved her,
When to Paradise she wandered,
That she might walk in the garden,
All the roses bowed before her.

One day looking down the valley,
Saw Nekahni fair Lawiswis;
And straightway he loved the maiden.
No more peace possessed his bosom,
Till his beauteous bride he made her.
For her comfort built a tepee,
On the mount near to the valley.

Now Nekahni built his tepee,
Not as any other built he,
Of white roses did he make it,
Pure as the fair maid Lawiswis,
No sharp thorns had they upon them.

In the land of wondrous beauty,
Lived these two in joy together,
All the sky seemed full of sunshine,
All the mount was full of song birds,
And their hearts were also singing.

When Nekahni on the mountain,
Absent was from his Lawiswis,
When with Colésnass was conversing,
Or with Skamson (bird of Thunder),
Or with Yootch (chief of Thunder),
In the care he left his loved one,
Of the beautiful white roses.

"Keep her from all harm," he charged them,
"Let no evil thing befall her;
In your watchful care I leave her."
Bending low, the roses answered:
"Fear thee not, we will protect her."

Far down in a deep gorge valley
Where the sun was seldom shining,
Lived the evil spirit Memelek,
Fierce and horrible her face was,
And her voice was like the thunder.
Of the conger skins her blanket,
Joined together with the fingers
Of the many slaughtered fairies
Whom she in her fiery anger
Had destroyed in that dark gorge land.

Round her waist and neck Memelek
Wore a string of poisonous serpents;
And when she her foes was seeking,

That they might pursue and kill them,
Severed she the string, and loosed them,
Saying to them, "Haste my children!
Hasten that you may destroy them!
Make them bow beneath my power;
Make them cringe and bow before me."

Now Lawiswis Memelek hated,
For she was so pure and happy,
And her ways were ways of kindness,
Not like evil-hearted Memelek.
Not like that vile one accursed,
Her black heart was filled with fury,
That Lawiswis was abiding,
In safe keeping of her husband,
Happy in her beauteous bower,
Of the pure and spotless roses:
Thus she purposed to destroy her.

When she saw the flocks of wild goats,
Far upon the snow-capped mountain,
Near the blue sky of the heavens,
Straightway she unloosed the serpents,
Bade them go and slay Lawiswis.
Then the poisonous serpents answered,
In their eagerness to please her,
"O! Memelek! we obey thee!"
And forthwith they swiftly glided,
To the place of the white roses.

Now the roses were not sleeping,
Their sharp eyes o'erlooked the valley;
For that pure one they were guarding,
Who in her tepee was lying,
Of her danger all unmindful.
And they said to one another,
When they saw the serpents coming,
"How shall we protect the maiden?
Guard her from these poisonous reptiles?"
Near and nearer came the serpents,
They could see their fierce eyes gleaming,
While they spoke the fiery serpents,
Were upon them in the bower.
Then by strength and power of magic,
Through the air they sent a message
To Nekahni on the mountain,
Telling of his loved one's danger,
And his timely aid imploring.

High upon the snow-capped mountain,
Swiftly he received the warning,
Swiftly gave the pure white roses,
Of his great and wondrous power;
That they might protect and save her.

None too soon returned the answer
From the chief upon the mountains;
For at just that very moment,

Round the white and beauteous roses,
Those vile snakes their coils were winding,
That upon the fair Lawiswis,
Calmly sleeping in her bower,
They might cruelly fall and kill her,
In her flesh insert their poison.

But the flowers new life had taken,
Felt that power had been imparted,
Changed they at that very moment,
Changed they to a bright red color;
And with long sharp thorns their bodies,
Quickly they had covered over.

And the serpents torn and bleeding,
By the thorns which sorely pierced them,
Found their bodies torn and bleeding,
Loosed their hold upon the roses,
Fled back to the vile Memelek,
To the dark gorge which concealed them,
To the place of bats and serpents.

Then Nekahni cursed Memelek
With a curse for her vile purpose;
In that gorge with bats and serpents,
Should Memelek dwell forever.
To the land of light and beauty,
She should never be permitted,
To return to harm his children.

Thus it seems that where the good is,
Something evil comes to harm it.
Every blade of grass is threatened,
By the blight, or by the insect.
Every beauteous flower that blossoms,
Has to fight to shed its fragrance.
Every leaf upon the green tree,
Has some enemy to harm it.
Every virtuous, noble person,
Who would make this dark world better,
Has a demon track his pathway,
Like the serpents of Memelek,
When they came from the dark valley,
And attacked the fragrant roses.
But another power is working,
Who is stronger than the serpents;
And he sends his white-winged angels,
Who will ever guard the noble,
On their hands will safely bear them
And protect them by his power;
Keep them safe in time of danger,
Guard them till their work they finish,
And at last, he will convey them,
To the land of endless sunshine,
Where the flowers are ever blooming.

POINT IROQUOIS *

We'll go to Old Point Iroquois,
  On wild Superior's shore;
We'll pitch our tent by that Inland Sea,
And breathe its air so light and free,
  As we oft have done before;
And we'll cast our hook in its waters blue
  As we oft have done before.

We'll watch the ships go sailing by
  Away to the great North Land;
We'll spread our sails on White Fish Bay,
And take a plunge in its milk white spray,
  And wade in its golden sand.
We'll take a plunge in its milk-white spray
  And sport in its golden sand.

* Point Iroquois is one of the most beautiful spots in the Lake Superior region, and for over half a century it has been held as holy ground by the Chippewas.

It is doubly interesting, because, according to Indian tradition, a fierce battle was once fought between the Iroquois (or The Six Nations, as they are frequently called,) and the Chippewas, which took place between the Point, and Iroquois Island, to the north.

It was a naval battle in true Indian style, the combatants fighting in small boats, in a hand to hand struggle. According to the Chippewas, the Iroquois were defeated, and many were slain, some were taken prisoners, and were severely punished, and let go, the others were driven back to the Canadian shore, from which the attack was made.

We'll watch the red men pitch their tents
  In that old historic spot,
In a semi-circle made with care,
Of the silvery birch-bark crude and rare,
  On the soil where once they fought.
And we'll list to them sing their evening hymns
  On the soil where once they fought.

At night we'll sit by our tent and watch
  The torch light's ruddy glow;
And we'll list to the song of the cool night breeze
As it gently sways the tall forest trees,
  With music soft and low,
Like a sentinel angel guarding the spot,
  And singing so weird and low.

We'll think of the days that used to be,
  The dim days long ago;
When the Indian's war whoop resounded shrill,
Through forests dark o'er vale and hill,
  And the battle was fierce below;
And the slain were many, on Iroquois Isle,
  And the boats were thick below.

Ill fared it then with the Iroquois,
  The fiercest of fierce braves,
In vain was the scheme of his project bold,

To dislodge the foe from his safe stronghold
  Beside the western waves;
And many a warrior found that night
His grave in the water's waves.

Come! let us away to the great North Land!
  Where the wild wind blows free;
We'll brave the billows of Saginaw Bay,
And sing while our good ship speeds away
  To the grand old Saint Marie;
And we'll shoot the rapids before we return,
  Of the swift old Saint Marie.

We'll list to the Indians sing once more
  Their hymns in the O jib way;
And list to their voices fill the air,
With music so rich and sweet and rare,
  In the quaint old Chippewa:
Mee suh droh o, mah tuh ke-beeng,
  Ka oon je ko, me nequa you.

THE LOVER'S VISION OF THE HAPPY ISLAND

Once there lived in the long ago,
In the land where the north winds blow,
An Indian maiden and fair was she
As lilies that loll in an inland sea.
Not a maiden of her tribe,
Would compare with the beauteous bride,
Who on the morrow would married be,
To a handsome brave in his big tepee.
Her heart was light as the thistle down,
When by the south wind it is blown,
For truly beauty's queen was she,
While favored son of the chief was he,
And into her keeping his heart he gave,
'Twas all in the care of the Indian maid;
For she alone was his joy and pride,
He lived alone for his future bride.
But sad was his heart on his wedding day,
For the maiden's spirit had sped away.

Although the young brave's heart was strong,
He sat by the grave the whole night long,
He mused and mourned the live-long day,
Because his fair one had gone away.
No charm for him had the hound's deep bay,
The hidden war-path or heated fray,

No friend or pleasure could cause a smile,
For his loved one had gone to the Happy Isle.
No song of singer or kind words said,
For within him his heart was dead.
His bow and arrows were laid aside,
He mourned all day for his vanished bride.

This brave had heard old people say,
A path there was of the Spirit Way,
To the southward it led from the land so chilly,
To the wonderful land of the lolling lily.
So leaving the grave so dark and drear,
Began for his journey to prepare,
Thus for to find the great white way,
He ventured forth at the break of day.
At first the young brave did not know,
In which direction he should go,
If tradition he would heed,
To the south his path must lead.
Thus he traveled day by day,
Under snow clouds cold and gray.
For a time he saw no change,
Grim and drear loomed the mountain range,
Forest, valley, and mountain stream,
All the same to his vision seem,
As they looked when he started forth,
From the hills of the Frozen North.
When he started snow was seen,

Clinging in mats to the hemlock green,
Day by day it thinner grew,
Till it had vanished from his view.
The forest made a more cheerful scene.
Putting forth its leaves of green,
When all at once his weary hours
Were gladdened by the budding flowers.
The air was warm upon his cheek,
While fragrant were the blossoms sweet;
Instead of winter's clouds so drear,
Springtime's sun was shining clear.
Darting through the branches green,
Birds of brilliant hue were seen;
While as if to soothe his fears,
Songs of birds salute his ears.
Such a day, and such an hour
Seemed to fill him with new power.
Thus to find his maiden true,
He, his journey would pursue.

Reassured by signs like these,
Sped he forth with greater ease;
For tradition was his friend.
He would surely reach the end
Of the road he sought, and be
With his loved one light and free.

As he sped along he found
A narrow beaten path which wound

Through many a thicket many a bower,
And led where massive hemlocks tower,
Making a thick and darksome grove,
For human habitant to rove;
Then up a steep precipitous ridge,
Then o'er a strange fantastic bridge;
On, on up heights he climbs once more,
Till he espies an old chief's door.

In the door of his tepee,
With eyes of wonderful brilliancy,
Stood an old man bending low,
Hair and beard as white as snow.
Round him gorgeous skins he wore,
In his hand a staff he bore,
Radiance lit his visage dark;
Looked he like a patriarch.

The lover thus addressed the chief,
But his story was most brief:
"For, I know your story well,
Its details you must not tell;
I have looked for you to come,
Bid you welcome to my home.
The one you seek has been this way,
Lodged she here the other day.
Come and rest within my lodge,
All my wisdom you may prove.
I will make your pathway clear,

Send you forth without a fear.
Leave your bow and arrows three,
Leave your body here with me,
Leave your dog and bundle too,
Bodiless must you pass through."

When his light repast was o'er,
Soon he issued from the door;
With him went the chieftain gray,
Forth to send him on his way.
"See you yonder gulf so fair,
And the blue plains stretching there?
This is then the Spirit Land,
On its border now you stand.
My lodge is the entrance gate,
You cannot your body take."
So saying turned to his tepee.
The young man bounded forward free.
Nothing hindered in his flight
Sped he forward like a sprite.

As on he sped with greater speed,
Of new objects took he heed;
Things he saw seemed much the same,
But more beautiful became;
Colors richer, deeper hue,
'Neath the sky's ethereal blue.
Things to him appeared the same,
Only animals seemed more tame;

Beast and bird appeared content,
Safe in fearless enjoyment.
Birds of brilliant plumage flew
Through the green leaves in full view.
No fear seemed they there to know,
Unlike mortals here below.
All things radiant seemed to be,
Full of confidence and glee;
Shapes were comely, colors bright,
All things radiant in the light.
Trees impeded not his way,
Nor did other objects stay
His swift progress day by day.
He walked through each one of these,
For they were but souls of trees;
Thus he knew he'd reached his goal,
In the weird land of the soul.

When he had some distance gone
Through this land of light and bloom
Where the scenes more lovely grew,
With each vale he traveled through,
Came he to a crystal lake
Where the blue waves ever break,
With their dancing billows light
On a shore so pure and white.
In its center loomed an isle,
Beautiful with nature's smile.

On the shore secured with care,
Found he a tiny Chemaun there
Made of white and shining stone,
Paddles also brightly shone.
Entered he the white canoe,
Straightway forth the paddles drew.
Now what wonder greets his eyes,
As he turns to his surprise,
Sees the maiden of his heart,
In canoe a counterpart.
A canoe like to his own,
Now the paddles she has drawn,
Now the boats move from the shore,
Now they glide the waters o'er;
Now their boats are side by side,
Gliding o'er the lake so wide.
See! they on each other smile
Sailing toward the Happy Isle.

Soon the waves began to rise,
Mighty billows met their eyes;
At a distance came in haste,
To hold them in their cold embrace,
Yet no harm came from the bay,
For as they near, they melt away.
Still the rolling waves came fast,
Feared that they would drown at last;
For they feared that some great wave,
Would land them in a watery grave.

While added to this galling fear,
The waters of the lake were clear,
Disclosing to their frightened gaze
Great heaps of bones to their amaze.
While struggling in the angry foam
Were men and women old and young,
Of those who struggled seemed a few
Who passed the foaming waters through.
Children alone seemed free from care,
And glided through without a fear.
But the maiden and lover strong,
Rowed their boats unharmed along
For no evil had they done,
The Master of Life would bring them home.
At length beneath the Master's smile,
They leaped upon the Happy Isle.
They wandered together without a fear,
With all things to please the eye and ear.
The air itself seemed to them food
And refreshed them on the road,
On that Isle no tempest blows
None shivered there in dread of foes,
None mourned because he was not fed,
There were no mourners for the dead,
There were no graves to mar their joy,
While safe they were from war's alloy.
No hunter's fire did beast affright,
And no one groped for want of light,

Gladly would he there have stayed
Forever with this blissful maid
But to do this did not find,
Favor in the Master's mind.
Though his face he did not see,
Yet His gentle voice heard he,
"Backward go unto your land,
For your time is not at hand;
For your time has not yet come,
Work you have that is not done;
Backward to your home return,
Not a duty shall you spurn;
And a ruler you shall stay
With your tribe for many a day.

"You must finish all your task,
Be a brave man to the last;
If the strong man's task you bear,
You a hero's crown shall wear;
My servant at the gate will tell,
The work which you will do full well.
In future you again shall find,
The maiden you now leave behind;
She is accepted and shall dwell,
Upon this isle you love so well
As young and happy and as free,
As when she came to dwell with me."
With this does the lover's vision close;
And he returned to the Land of Snows.

THE CONFEDERATION OF THE IROQUOIS

An Iroquois Legend

There was peace among the Senecas,
But the young men sought adventure,
Sought a village of the Mohawks,
Carried off young men and maidens,
Carried them away as captives.
This brought on a dreadful warfare,
Which could not have been averted,
Save for one great work of nature.

As the sun rose high in heaven,
Scouts of Senecas returning,
One by one from out the forest,
Told of numerous bands of Mohawks,
Savage bands of Onondagas,
On the war-path fierce and furious.
Trusted they in their great numbers,
And it seemed they came regardless,
Of the knowledge of their enemies,
Thinking that the timid Senecas,
Either flight would take for safety,
Or a costly peace would parley,
At whatever price required.
But in this they were mistaken.

A short distance from the village,
They were met by five stout warriors
Of the Senecas who warned them
Not to venture near their village;
If they did they strictly warned them,
They would kill their chiefs and Sachems,
Kill their boys and girls held prisoners.

Then a halt was called, and parley
Was considered by their enemies;
When a loud voice broke the silence,
Such a guttural sound was heard then,
That it made the bravest shudder,
Like a voice from some deep cavern
Seemed the voice of Orontadeka;
For he knew his days were numbered,
And the stone axe soon would slay him;
Although bound and strongly guarded,
Yet with boldness spoke the brave chief.

"Drive the Senecas to southward,
Drive them swiftly through the forest;
For 'tis meet they should be driven,
By the warriors of the Mohawks,
By the valiant Onondagas;
Child stealers are they, and cowards,
Traitors to all Indian Customs,
Of the sacred Council fire;

Instituted by the Manitou,
Which should not be violated.
Come, my braves! advance upon them!
See them scatter through the forest;
We will teach the cowardly Senecas
How to take our long, long journey."
Then the Senecas seized their victims,
Raised their great war hatchets o'er them,
That the death blows might be given.
Both Mohawk and Onondaga,
Knew that certain death impended,
If one step advanced they forward,
But they had resolved to venture,
Throw all dangers to the four winds.

Then a young girl's voice resounded,
'Twas a maiden of the Mohawks,
And her shrill cry won attention
Of the warriors of both parties,
Towards the sun her gaze directed,
From her lips came words that carried
Fear and consternation with them.

"See, my brothers! See, my brothers!
The Manitou will not look upon us,
See! he hides his face, my brothers!
And your war-like acts displease him,
He will go away and leave you,
In the gloom and in the darkness,

If you burn the Indian village,
Shoot your brothers with your arrows:
With your long and poisoned arrows,—
Send the women and the children,
Forth upon their tiresome journey,
E'er the Manitou has called them,
He has seen the Mohawk maidens,
Happy in the Seneca lodges,
Will not look upon their misery;
See! My brothers! the Great Spirit,
Hides his face from your cruel actions."

Then went up a moan of terror
From the warriors of both parties,
Men who could meet death in battle
With a smile were unnerved by it;
For they saw a black disc moving,
O'er the face of sun unclouded.
Then the guards released their prisoners,
Fell down at their feet imploring,
Senecas and Onondagas
Mingled with the warlike Mohawks,
Cried they for each other's pardon,
Loud groans and expostulations,
Profound friendship then professing.
From the woods the Seneca women,
With their small papooses hurried,
Where they hid from fear of battle,

Now they lent their piercing voices,
To the general fear and clamor,
Strangely gleamed wild savage faces,
Streaked with various paints and pigments,
Turned with fearful apprehension,
To the swiftly darkening heavens.
Wild and wilder each swift moment,
With the awful fear that filled them,
Chiefs and wise men hid their faces,
In fur robes which they were wearing.
On the ground young men and maidens,
Groveled each in mortal terror;
Over head, the eagles saw it,
Eagles, hawks, and flocks of small birds,
Seemed to fear impending danger,
Seemed to seek the trees for shelter,
Darted blindly through the branches,
While strange cries of fear distressed them,
Came from every side and quarter.

Then the wild beasts of the forest,
Prowling bear and crouching panther,
Left their caverns in the forest,
Whining, whimpering, through the forest,
Ran to red men for protection;
While the fox and other denizens
Sought the great oaks for protection;
And lay trembling weak, and prostrate,
'Neath some giant of the forest.

On! On crept the fearful shadow;
To its disc the bright sun eating;
Like a mighty scourge cursed demon,
Come to blot out the existence
Of the source of light and beauty;
While, o'er the whole earth, was spreading,
Ghostly gloom, strange and unearthly;
Never failing to inspire,
Awe and terror in the bosom,
Of the most careless observer.

The flowers that filled the woods with fragrance,
Bloomed at will in rich profusion,
Closed as though the night had fallen
Suddenly upon their blooming;
And the warmth and glow of day time,
That had opened with such glory,
Gave way to the damp of evening;
While the fixed stars and the planets,
Shone out brightly in the heavens.
Over all the face of nature,
There was thrown a hue unearthly,
And the sudden chill of all things,
Cold, and sodden, and foreboding,
As on a chill and gloomy morning.

At last through the gloom appalling,
Frightened, trembling red men witnessed,

The once tall and stately figure,
Of the old chief Sagoyountha;
Aged Sachem of the Senecas,
Creeping forth from out his wigwam.

When the old chief reached the center
Of the terror-stricken red men,
Suddenly he seemed transfigured,
Seemed transformed to youth and vigor;
Stood before them like a warrior,
Mighty in his kingly bearing;
While his scarred and wrinkled visage,
Furious storms had beat upon it,
For more than a hundred winters,
Turned towards the darkening heavens.
Which e'en the aged Sagoyountha
Had not seen in all his life time;
Then his voice rang out in clear tones,
That in times past woke the echoes,
Of the wild and gloomy forest,
Long before the oldest warrior,
Who now listened to him speaking,
Had e'er seen the snow of winter,
Or had heard the voice of song bird;
And his voice seemed sharp and ghost-like
In the silence that pervaded.

"O my children!" spoke the old chief,
"'Tis Sagoyountha who is speaking.

With voice of the past he's speaking,
But his eyes look towards the future.
It is for your good he does this.
The Great Spirit now is angry,
Is displeased with you his children;
He would have you live together,
Dwell in joy and peace together,
He his wigwam door is closing,
He has tightly closed the entrance;
And his smiling face has hidden;
That his children shall not see him,
Until they have ceased their warfare,
Smoked the pipe of peace together,
Heed the message which he gave them,
When he sent them to this dark world,
From their Hunting grounds, far distant,
Now Sagoyountha has spoken,
Will his children listen to him?"

Then Kenyego bounded forward,
As if stung by poisonous adder;
Crouching low with shoulders drooping,
Ran he swiftly to the village,
He was absent but a short time,
When once more he sought the circle
Of the Sachems and the head chiefs
In his hands he held the peace pipe
Which the old chief had referred to;
And in whose bowl circled upward,

Smoke of fragrant tobacco.
Hastily he passed the peace pipe,
Till around the solemn circle
Of the wise chiefs and the Sachems,
Of the three tribes represented;
While the anxious upturned faces,
Of the terror-stricken people,
Made a mute appeal to heaven.

Look! Oh! look! 'Tis Sagoyountha,
Lifts his arms in supplication;
As the border of the bright sun,
Now once more is seen returning;
Welcome! Welcome! are its bright rays
To the terror-stricken red men.

Shouts of joy rise from the warriors,
While the women shout for gladness;
E'en the voices of the children,
Mingle in the glad rejoicing;
Hope once more their hearts inspiring.

Hark! a lull in the rejoicing,
See! the warriors cease their shouting;
Hark! there is a doleful silence,
E'en the children cease their laughter.
All eyes turn in one direction,
That the cause might be discovered.

See! the aged Sagoyountha,
Slowly sinks upon the green-sward,
And with feeble voice and trembling,
Sadly starts to chant his death song,
Faint and fainter are the words borne,
On the air as light increases.
Then the breathless throng bows forward,
As if they would catch the last notes,
Wafted from the journeying spirit,
As it reached the very portals,
Of the regions of the blessed.

In the light that seemed so precious,
Of the twice-dawned day then shining,
And within the sacred presence
Of the dead who pointed to them
The plain way to shun displeasure,
Of the father, the creator,
Who had given them the peace pipe,
Bade them dwell in peace together,
This great union of the three tribes,
This Confederacy of Nations,
Which should be of such great import,
To the future generations,
On that day was consummated.

HOW WAKONTAS TESTED THE MAIDENS

An Ojibway Legend Retold From Young's Algonquin Indian Tales

Once in the days long, long ago,
In the land where spirits go,
In the beautiful Spirit Land,
Guarded by the Manitou's hand;
Where the bright sun did ever shine,
On the scenes which were divine,
Lived a warrior tall and fair,
Son of a powerful spirit there.

This Wakontas, straight and tall,
Sought a maiden most of all,
Sought a bride to share his joy,
In this land without alloy,
Where the sun's unfailing ray,
Ever would light them on their way,
And the perfumed air serene
Moved the grass and the leaves so green,
Where the elm and the stately pine,
Gently swayed in the warm sunshine.
But no wife in that land could find,
Who was suited to his mind.
Thus that he might please him well,
Sought the land where mortals dwell.

Long he searched o'er land and sea,
But alas in vain searched he;
No fair maiden could he find,
Who was suited to his mind,
Till he to a wigwam came,
Where there lived a chief of fame,
And two daughters fair of face
Charming in their winsome grace.

At last he as a hunter came,
With his load of fish and game;
Handsome and fair as brave could be,
To this grim old chief's tepee;
To the lodge where the maidens fair,
Combed and braided their long black hair.
Now Wakontas loved them well,
And soon he fell beneath their spell;
Ne'er could maidens more worthy be
Of such a gallant brave as he;
What to do he did not know;
Because he loved both maidens so;
Then he planned a test to make,
To prove which maiden he would take.

Now these maidens seemed to be,
Lovely in the same degree;
Tall of form and feature fair,
With a wealth of coal black hair.

Both seemed gentle, good and kind,
Sought some helpless one to find,
That some kind deed might be done,
E'er the sun his course had run;
But one maid was proud and vain,
Sought her selfish ends to gain.

Though he ponder well the art,
Who can know a maiden's heart?
Hidden in the mind's deep well,
Who her secret thoughts can tell?
Calm, serene as deep blue sea,
But as deep, her thoughts can be.
Thoughtless man a dupe is he,
For such guileless witchery.
Though they seem to come not far,
Not all maidens, angels are.

Now Wakontas, sore distressed,
Put the maidens to a test,
Although more than mortal he,
Through their arts he could not see;
But the bride price he had paid,
Asked the father for a maid,
And straightway a proof would make
Of which maiden he would take.

Wakontas told them he would go,
In the woods to hunt the roe,

But as only such men can,
Changed into a poor old man;
To his lodge his way did take,
When the others were on the lake;
And only the maidens stayed at home
To arrange their household work alone.
To see if the maidens were within,
He tremblingly drew aside the skin,
And feebly stepped inside the door,
A wretched old man, lame and poor,
Looking beseechingly around,
That food and shelter might be found,
"*Anwasta kena!* the proud maid said,
"*Anwasta kena!* get out! get out!"
And screaming angrily in his face,
Ordered him sharply to leave the place.
"O my daughter! great wrong you do,
For I am aweary and hungry too;
I fain would rest me on this seat,
And beg for something that I may eat;
O! give me the food that I need, I pray!
Then I will start upon my way."
But the proud maid said with fret and pout,
"*Anwasta kena!* Get out! Get out!"
The while she kept up her abuse,
"Such people as you are of no use;
The air is polluted by their breath,
Their people ought to put them to death!"

Her ceaseless chatter continued she,
Till the old man turned him to Omemee.

With pity she looked at the stranger old,
The while her sister did chatter and scold;
And taking him gently by the hand,
Showed him the honor that guests demand.
She made him a seat of the soft deer skins,
And a fire to warm his stiffened limbs;
She set before him broth to eat,
And cooked him savory venison meat.
Nor would she a word of thanks receive,
Nor aught would she do to make him grieve.
"It gives me joy to serve your need,
And gladly I do this humble deed."
Then seeing the moccasins old and worn,
And that his feet were bleeding and torn,
Replaced them by some beautiful ones,
Which she with her skillful hands had done.
She sent him joyfully on his way,
Light-hearted and happy the whole of the day.

As evening time drew on apace,
Wakontas would soon come from the chase;
Each maiden desired to be found,
Neatly arrayed in finest gown,
Of white doe skin covered o'er,
With tinted shells from lakelet's shore.

Now the proud sister soon did start,
To make her toilet with dextrous art,
And hours she spent with greatest care,
To arrange her toilet and dress her hair.
Omemee mindful of other's weal,
Cooked with care the evening meal;
Giving her toilet but minutes few,
That she the needful things might do.

Soon from the river voices came,
And Omemee heard them call her name,
Likewise her sister's and ran to meet,
Dear ones returning they loved to greet.
To their amazement came to view,
Wakontas in his birch canoe;
Wearing jauntily on his feet,
The moccasins Omemee made, so neat.
"I came this afternoon," said he,
"As a poor old man to your tepee;
Weak, and ragged, hungry and old,
Seeking for shelter from the cold.
And food to strengthen my shivering form,
And clothing to keep me from the storm.
One maiden gave naught but abuse,
Saying the old man was of no use;
She chattered and scolded and then did say:
'*Anwasta kena!* Go away!'
Her ceaseless chatter was sad to hear,

And no remonstrance would she bear.
The other maiden of gentle heart,
With tender pity did impart
To the shivering man who was poor and old,
Raiment, and shelter from the cold.
Drink she gave him and food to eat,
Flesh of the savory venison meat.
Wondrous words of kindness spoke,
And not a word that would him provoke,
On the soft deer skin she gave him a seat,
And a welcome that made his joy complete.

"I have sought, long years of my life,
For such a noble and kind-hearted wife;
At last I have found her, this fair maid;
And now I would wed her, the bride price
is paid.
As for that other, she shall be,
Changed to a whispering aspen tree;
That for all the future, may be told,
The fate of maidens who chatter and scold."
Then to the horror of those about
The warrior's threat was carried out.
Slowly, but surely, transformed was she,
Into a whispering aspen tree;
That she should trouble never more,
Strangers who came to the great chief's door.

Henceforth all girls who fret and scold
Shall suffer like this maiden of old.

Wakontas turned to Omemee,
Saying "Thou my beautiful bride shall be;
Unto the land of endless sunshine,
I will take thee to dwell with me."
As his strong arm touched Omemee,
Into doves they were transformed.
In the light air soared they upward,
By their white wings swiftly borne,
'Neath the blue sky they together,
Winged their way to realms sublime,
Where they should be always happy,
In that bright world of sunshine.

Those who mortals' pathway tread,
Striving hard for daily bread,
Find the mountains rough and steep,
Find the path is hard to keep,
Find that thorns and thistles grow,
Piercing feet that onward go;
Bears and lions lurk and hide,
By the road on every side;
But when toiling in life's road,
Struggling on with heavy load,
Blessed, thrice blessed shall he be,
Who his brothers' ills can see,

Screen him from the burning heat,
Help to guide his tottering feet,
Speak kind words unto the old,
See him sheltered from the cold.
He has not sojourned in vain,
Who his crust will part in twain,
That he may some pleasure know,
On his path some flowers strow,
Like Omemee, good and kind,
In good deeds her pleasure find.

ALIQUIPSO, A STORY OF GREATER LOVE *

An Oneida Legend

Once there lived a little maiden,
By the name of Aliquipso,
Who belonged to the Oneidas,
This was long before the nations,
Had agreed to form a union,
And to dwell in peace together
In our great Confederation.
So there was no friendly nation,
Who could render them assistance
In a time of great privation,
When attacked by warlike nations.
So alone stood the Oneidas,
In the days of Aliquipso.

Aliquipso for twelve winters
Saw the earth wrapped in snow's blanket;
When the great cliffs and the boulders,
Towering far above the village,
Gleamed and sparkled white as ermine;
And the twelfth spring came so gently,
Filled with songs of sweet-voiced warblers,
Fragrant with the breath of flowers,
Gala in its dress of verdure.

* Retold from Canfield's *Legends of the Iroquois.*

In this fair, alluring springtime,
When the dove of peace cooed softly
To his mate hard by the village,
Came one day a band of Indians,
Savage warriors from the Northland,
Fell upon their peaceful village,
When the people in their wigwams,
Thought not of impending danger,
And their joy was wrested from them;
For their warriors far outnumbered,
Those who lodged within the village;
Thus their village was surrounded,
Save for great cliffs just behind them.

When the wise men and the warriors,
Saw they could resist no longer,
Keep the cruel foe from their village,
Drive him back toward the Northland,
Turned they to the cliffs for refuge.
In the darkness of the night time,
When their lodges all were quiet,
Stole they forth from out the village,
By a secret path to safety,
Not a soul was left behind them,
Helpless babe or feeble old man,
And so secret was this pathway,
That no trace was left behind them
Of the way they had ascended.

Thus the foe could not detect it,
Though he searched for days to find it.

High above the Indian village,
The Oneidas were in hiding,
Hoping for their foes returning,
To their lodges far to Northland,
But alas! in vain they waited;
Till their food was all exhausted,
And it seemed that they should perish.
Then it was that Aliquipso,
Heard the voice of the Great Spirit.

No form saw the little maiden,
Of the Manitou the Great Spirit,
To her heart the words were spoken,
As she slept, she plainly heard them,
And she knew 'twas the Great Spirit.

When at last this little maiden,
Roused up from her troubled dreaming,
Walked she forth beneath the heavens,
Where the light clouds chased each other,
And the little stars were shining,
Then she stood so very quiet,
Looking up toward the heavens;
For the Manitou had told her,
How she might defend her people.
Then she went unto the Council,

Where the wise men and the warriors,
Were assembled to consider,
Plans to make their flight successful,
Then she told them of the Manitou,
Words he to her heart had spoken.

"As I slept beneath the green trees,
In my heart these words were spoken,
By the Manitou, the Great Spirit:
'You must go and tell your people,
Hasten to the Council Chamber.
I shall wander near the village,
As if lost and when they seize me,
And demand to know your secrets,
Then will I refuse to tell them,
Till subjected to great torture,
Then at last if forced to tell them,
I will promise to direct them,
To your secret place of hiding.
"This is what Great Spirit told me,

Along the path I then will lead them,
To where the path is dark and narrow,
Then when I have reached the high place,
See the valley far beneath me,
Then will give to you the signal,
Be prepared to hurl huge boulders,
Hurl great rocks upon the Indians,

When the war whoop I have given.
Thus your foes will be defeated,
Utterly destroyed together.
These are words of the Great Spirit,
That my tribe might be delivered,
That their lives might not be taken."

All were silent, grave, and solemn.
Motionless stood Aliquipso,
With her bright eyes fixed upon them,
Eyes with love light fondly beaming,
Eyes that gleamed with love's devotion.

"Daughter!" then exclaimed the old chief,
Low his voice and grave his manner,
"Think again before you venture,
E'er you go out from among us,
For you ne'er shall be returning,
For we never more shall greet you.
Think again before you leave us."

"But my father!" quoth the maiden,
With surprise she thus addressed him,
"You forget my gracious mission,
And the portent of my journey,
I shall go and save my people,
One shall die in place of many;
I with joy shall take my journey."

So the wise men and the warriors,
Bade her go forth on her mission.

All that day among her people,
Went about the little maiden,
Kind of heart but grave her mien was,
Spoke she many words of parting,
Told her parents and her loved ones,
Not to weep at her departure
To the land of the Great Spirit,
For she heard him calling! Calling!
Saw him beckon her to follow,
To the land of the departed.
"For," said she, "If I should tarry,
Ruin would come to all our nation."
Thus she spoke to her companions.
Then they called her "little princess,
Chosen one of the Great Spirit,
The beloved of all the nation."

Thus with many words of kindness,
Words of love, and fond affection,
Went she forth into the darkness,
And her heart was full of courage,
For she went to save her people.

Very early the next morning,
As she wandered near the village,

She was caught by savage warriors,
Who had kept their nightly vigil,
Those men brought her to the village,
She was lost and they had found her,
Now she would betray the secret,
Of her people's place of hiding,
And would serve to guide them thither.

All things happened as the maiden
Had predicted at the council,
And at last when she no longer,
Could endure their fiendish tortures,
Promised she would guide them thither.

Long it seemed to Aliquipso,
Till the long dark evening shadows,
Crept once more towards the village,
And once more the Indian maiden,
Set out on her perilous journey,
Although weak and faint from suffering,
Stumbling on from sheer exhaustion,
Sick with pain, fatigued and weary,
Bravely led she out the warriors
To betray the place of hiding,
Of her people on the hill top.

Close beside her stood a savage,
With his tomahawk uplifted

Her frail skull to cleave in sunder
At suggestion of betrayal;
And the savage band of warriors,
Closely followed one another,
Fiercely gleamed their eyes upon her,
Gnashed their teeth for very fury;
Longed to slay the ones in hiding.
On through hidden trails she led them,
Winding paths and narrow places,
Till at last a cliff they sighted,
Towering high above the valley.
Then the artful maid pretended,
She would roll aside a boulder,
And reveal a hidden cavern,
Where her loved ones were secluded;
Then the savage painted warriors,
Gathered round the slender maiden,
Tomahawks and clubs uplifted;
Then she gave a scream of terror,
Such a piercing scream ascended,
That the cliffs and rocks resounded,
Echoed back from crag and boulder,
Floated out far o'er the valley,
Which was yawning far beneath them.
'Twas brave Aliquipso's death scream,
Her death cry so shrill and piercing,
That the scream of the war eagle,
Seemed but feeble to the warriors;

And it reached the braves above her,
Who were listening for the signal.
But no sooner was it given,
Than the warriors that stood round her,
With their weapons high uplifted,
Brought them down with heartless fury
On the helpless Indian maiden.
Yet she had fulfilled her mission,
For as she fell, from above her
Came the rocks and giant boulders,
Crushing savages, and taking
Bodies to the valley with them.
Thus the death cry of the maiden,
Was the death cry of her victims.

Happy were the brave Oneidas,
When their enemies were vanquished.
Safely back unto the village,
They returned at early morning,
Helpless babes and feeble old men,
Brought they back unto their lodges,
Thankful that their homes were spared them.

Some of them who loved the maiden,
Went to where they basely killed her;
Went her body to recover;
That with burial rites and honors,
They might all attend her funeral.

When they found the place they killed her,
And where fell brave Aliquipso,
No sign of her body found they;
But they found the dainty wood-bine,
And the honey-suckle blossomed.

For her hair into the woodbine,
Had been changed by the Great Spirit;
And the body of the maiden,
To the graceful honey-suckle;
Thus it means to the Oneida,
Blood of brave and faithful women;
That the people might remember
How the maiden died to save them,
Shed her life's blood for her people.

THE RESCUE OF ARSELIK

An Algonquin Tale

Long ago, the old men tell us,
When the forest was primeval,
Of a custom then existing,
In the tribe of the Wobauaki,
Which to us might seem unusual.
For a maiden of that nation,
Might make known her love and friendship
For the Indian brave who pleased her.

In a village of that nation,
Near a lake which shone like emerald,
Lived a handsome Indian warrior,
Fair to look upon and pleasing
To the maidens of that country.
But his heart was in the keeping,
Of a noble Indian maiden;
Long ago he wooed and won her,
But their love was kept a secret.

Now there happened an occasion
When two maidens of that village,
Sought a conference with the warrior,
But he shook his head and answered,
"Long ago I loved a maiden,

And my heart is in her keeping,
This one only will I marry."

"Who is then this winsome maiden,
That has won your heart's affection;
And thus holds it in her keeping?"
Asked the maidens who had sought him,
In tones not devoid of anger.
Answered then this youthful warrior,
With emphatic tone and gesture,
"Arselik, she is the maiden,
Fairest of all Indian women."

Straightway then the maidens left him,
But with anger heaved their bosoms,
"We will seek this maid and hide her
Where the brave will never find her,
Then perchance we'll win our object."

Then, forthwith they sought the maiden,
And pretence of friendship made her,
"Come with us," they urged the maiden,
"In our birch canoe we'll paddle,
To those beauteous islands yonder,"
But in gestures to each other,
Basely did they plan to kill her,
Or on some lone isle to leave her
Where her fate would be starvation.

Willingly the girl consented,
Merrily they passed the moments,
Gayly some sweet sòng she sang them,
Quaintly some old tale she told them,
Until far away they paddled,
Beyond the isles she hoped to visit,
Far away to scenes forboding,
Till into her heart there entered,
Some great unnamed fear and portend
As of some impending danger.
Then she begged the heartless maidens,
Their canoe to turn and point it
Toward the place from whence they started.
But they did not listen to her,
To her cries were all unheading,
Soon on a lone isle they landed,
Where they sought to basely leave her.

Scarcely had the trio landed,
When the maidens parted from her,
Saying they would gather fuel,
That a fire might be kindled,
And a frugal meal prepare them;
But when out of sight they hastened,
With all speed towards their chemaun,
Entered it and swiftly paddled,
With all speed toward the village,
Leaving Arselik behind them,

On the lonely isle deserted,
To whatever fate might wait her.

Loud and louder called the maiden,
"O! come back! and take me with you,
I shall die upon this island,
Where are only beasts and reptiles,
O! how could you be so cruel!"
But they heeded not her crying,
Turned a deaf ear to her calling,
Sang gay songs as swift they paddled
O'er the waters green as emerald.

From a rock the helpless maiden
Watched their chemaun swiftly moving,
From the island which had claimed her,
For a prisoner and an exile;
And her heart was big with sorrow,
While she watched them hastening from her,
Came a song upon the night wind,
And this song was what her heart said;
'Twas a prayer to the Wind Spirit.

SONG OF THE NIGHT WIND

"Now I am left on this lonely isle
With no one to hear my cry,
Nothing but grief and despair I see.

Oh! Who will sing my death song for me?
Or bury me when I die,
My false friends have left me here alone,
I am left on this island to die.

"As night comes on and I try to sleep,
The night owl sings his song,
He sings his song in pity for me,
As he mournfully hoots in the tall pine tree,
In its branches the whole night long,
He sings of my fate, this song to his mate,
In the branches the whole night long.

"My lover is fleet and swift as the deer;
My true love is brave and strong,
And through the forest he'd swiftly flee,
And soon would he come in search of me,
If he could but hear my song.
I wish the wind spirit would list to my cry,
And bear to my lover this song.

"My love's chemaun like the bright sunlight
Would shoot through the waters blue,
Through the dark waters would swiftly glide,
That he might hasten to my side;
He'd come with his light canoe.

Oh! may the wind spirit encircle my love,
As he comes like the swift culloo."

That night as her brave was sleeping,
Dreamed he of a monstrous culloo,
That a giant bird was soaring,
High above the Indian village,
Soared in circles like an eagle,
And such power had the culloo,
And so many claws possessed it,
For he counted full an hundred,
And each claw possessed such power
That it could without exertion,
Take a village full of people,
To his home beyond the star land
Then the culloo swooped and took him,
Took him high into the heavens,
He could see far, far beneath him,
See the whole wide world below him.

There, upon a lonely island,
On a rock was soundly sleeping,
Sleeping 'neath the skyey heavens,
Lone without a tent or blanket,
Plainly did he see his loved one.
Then when from his sleep awakening,
Knew he that his love had called him,
Called for him to come and save her,

Called the spirit of the Night Wind,
Thus to swiftly bear her message,
To the brave who all unconscious
Of her perilous condition
In his tent was soundly sleeping.
Hence, his vision of the culloo,
As he slept upon the bear skin.

Not a moment stayed the warrior,
But his light canoe he entered,
Paddled swiftly to the island,
Which he in his dream had sighted,
Urged with all his strength the chemaun,
Till the beads of perspiration,
Showered downward like the raindrops,
And his veins stood out like whip-cords,
As his paddle swept the light foam,
Swiftly, swiftly, still more swiftly
Shot his chemaun o'er the water,
Till he reached the lonely island,
Where he found his loved one waiting,
Felt assured that he would save her.

Spoke she to him when he found her,
Spoke while eyes with love were beaming,
"Asked the spirits of the night air,
Asked the spirits of the night wind,
Thus to bear my message to you.

Where-so-e'er you might be sleeping,
Bear my cry unto my warrior,
For I knew that you would find me,
Swiftly fly unto my rescue,
Surely have my prayers been answered,
And behold my love is with me."

Great indeed were the rejoicings
O'er the maiden's safe returning,
For the young brave bore her safely,
Safe again unto her people,
Who with open arms received her
And as soon as preparations
For the marriage feast were ready,
They were joined in holy wedlock.
Then was Arselik protected
From the snares of wicked women.

As for those who basely plotted
On the lonely isle to leave her,
Went they quickly from the village,
From the village of Wabauake
Never to be heard of after.
Thus it ever is with evil,
When once lodged within the bosom,
Eats its way like loathsome cancer,
Down into the very vitals,
Till our conscience seems to smite us,

If a wrong design is harbored,
Soon it grows to resolution,
Then the plan is consummated,
Thus when envy fills the bosom,
Then are evil deeds attempted,
Like the maidens' in this story.

HOW THE TREATY OF PEACE WAS MADE *

A Sioux Legend

In the olden time it happened,
So 'twas told us by our fathers,
That the Sioux made their encampment,
Near the hunting grounds and pastures
Of the Crows, their ancient enemy.
This was viewed with great disfavor,
By the Crows, a warlike nation.

Now it seems that two young warriors,
Leaders they among the young men;
Rivals were for their chief's daughter,
Blue Sky, had they named the maiden,
Fair and comely were her features,
Honored she among the women,
And these two young warriors loved her.
Red Owl was so fierce a warrior,
That the maiden greatly feared him,
Felt uneasy in his presence;
But she loved Matsoka better,
And the White Bear loved the maiden,
Would his life's blood give to save her.

* Retold from Eastman's *Old Indian Days.*

One night the entire encampment
Had given way to mirthful pleasure,
Song and story, mirth and laughter,
Mingled with the sound of music.
All about from the great circle,
Blazing camp fires roared and crackled,
Cast around a glow most cheerful,
Lighting up the vaulted heavens,
Which were tranquil, clear, and quiet.

Suddenly a strange sound mingled
With the mirth and songs and laughter;
Then came rush of galloping ponies,
Then war cries of fierce Crow warriors,
As they rushed upon the campers;
But the watchful Indian warriors,
Never wholly unsuspecting,
Watching hourly for a battle,
Always had their war-like weapons,
Near where they could quickly reach them.
So they bravely met the onslaught,
Wives and mothers, e'en the old men,
Bravely cheered the warriors forward,
Thus throughout the long night's darkness,
Did the fierce warfare continue.

When the faint gray light of morning
Glimmered in the eastern heavens,

Many brave Sioux warriors' bodies,
Were stretched out upon the cold ground,
But the people, all undaunted,
Said they died the death they wished to,
Death of warriors brave and faithful,
Dying for the ones who loved them.

When the warriors who had fallen,
With great honors had been buried,
Met they in a council chamber,
To award distinguished honors
To the ones who most deserved them;
Black Hawk was the first awarded,
For 'twas he who first had fallen;
Then came Matsoka, the White Bear,
Next came Red Owl of fierce visage;
Frowning darkly on the council,
"It is I who earned next honors;
For I touched the old chief's body,
Next one after fearless Black Hawk."
"But my brother," spoke the old chief,
"These belong to brave Matsoka."

When Red Owl heard the decision
Which was given by the old chief,
Flashed his eyes with indignation,
Knit his brows with furious anger,
Heaved his breast with sheer emotion
Like the waves upon the river

When the clouds are dark and lowering.
Stood he up before the council.
Swayed his tall form like the elm tree
When 'tis swayed by mighty tempest.
Then he wrapped his blanket round him,
Strode he forth to his own tepee;
In his breast a tempest raging;
For he was the White Bear's rival
For the prized and warlike honors,
And for the hand of lovely Blue Sky,
Who had been within the circle,
Witnessed his humiliation.
Thus with burning indignation,
Strode he from the council chamber.
To submit with quiet demeanor.
To the mandate of the old chief,
Found he not within his power.
To the hills alone he wandered,
For to fast and pray he went there,
Dwelt alone with his great mystery;
Through the whole night and the next day,
Till the sun was westward sinking;
Then with quiet mind he turned him,
Once again to his encampment,
For the storm had all passed over.

Who can tell what strange emotions
Rise within a human bosom?

Strange emotions of fierce anger,
Feelings both of joy and sorrow,
Love as holy as the angels,
Hatred bitter, cruel, deep-seated,
Envy, subtle as a serpent,
Kindness like the Holy Father.
One day he smiles with peace of heaven,
Next day shakes with violent passion.
O! what fury, rage, and torment,
Ravage souls of men and women;
And when once aroused like Red Owl,
O! what words are harshly spoken!
Fiery words of indignation,
Words with rage's poison laden
Are shot forth like barbed arrows,
Making wounds that sink far deeper,
In the heart of him who hears them,
For indelibly 'tis written,
On the tablet of the memory.

Who can tell the blighting power
Of an evil word of passion?
Who can tell the gracious influence
Of one little word of kindness?
When rage in the heart is kindled,
And a plan is consummated,
It may ruin a man, a woman,
Blight a town, a state, a nation;

Truly has the wise man spoken;
Truly does the good book tell us,
" Greater he who rules his spirit,
Than is he who takes a city."
O! how many hearts are aching,
O! how many feuds are kindled,
Which might wholly be averted,
If unto fair Reason's whisper,
Men would lend their ears one moment.

In a few days the brave warriors,
Of the Sioux were seen attacking,
An encampment of Crow warriors,
Who were well prepared to fight them,
And the struggle was a firece one,
In the end the Sioux retreated,
With the conquering Crows pursuing.

Fierce Red Owl and brave Matsoka,
Boldly led the warriors forward;
And were foremost in the battle;
When their followers fled, they tarried,
And their swift retreat defended.
Then it happened that Matsoka
And a warrior fought together.
Suddenly did consternation
Fill the heart of brave Matsoka;
For without his bow and arrows,

With his good spear badly broken,
Fought a Crow brave single-handed,
While to make his case more hopeless,
Some one shooting from behind him,
Struck his good steed with an arrow,
And the horse fell dead beneath him,
All alone now was Matsoka.
For fierce Red Owl had sped to safety,
But with head erect and dauntless,
Walked he forward for to meet them.
In a moment he was taken
By a band of fierce Crow warriors,
And henceforth he was their prisoner.

When Red Owl reached his band of warriors,
Suddenly he drew an arrow,
And without one moment waiting,
Pierced his pony's body with it;
Then his scalp knife's keen blade taking,
To his heart he madly drove it,
Sent the red blood swiftly flowing,
All the ground was covered with it,
Then he sank and writhed in anguish;
Red Owl was so brave a warrior,
Said the braves who looked upon him,
Our disgrace was too much for him;
Thus this deed was perpetrated.

When Blue Sky, the old chief's daughter,
Heard the fate of her brave lover,
In her heart she had a feeling
That he had been taken prisoner;
And she meant to go and find him.
So that night the Indian maiden
Set out on her perilous journey,
As though she rode her horse to water;
And her faithful watch-dog followed,
As if he understood her motives.

Slowly, slowly rode the maiden,
Till beyond her people's vision;
Then dismounting found provisions,
Which she carefully had hidden;
Also moccasins and needles,
These she packed upon her pony,
Rode away into the dark night.

Blue Sky knew that many dangers,
Waited for her in the darkness;
For a man were many dangers,
But far more were for a woman.
Besides the groups of nomad Indians,
Animals were fierce and numerous;
These too jeopardized her safety,
But in spite of all these dangers,
No harm came to lovely Blue Sky.

When the morning light was breaking,
Blue Sky lighted from her pony;
Picketed him in fresh green pasture,
Stroked his silken mane and praised him
For the service he had rendered.
Crouched her watch-dog down beside her,
Shared their frugal meal together;
Then beneath the green tree's branches,
Laid she down in peaceful slumber,
While her faithful watch-dog guarded.
Thus far had their journey prospered.

In the afternoon she wakened,
Much refreshed and feeling stronger;
Then she set out to discover,
The late battle-field's location.
Soon she found it and dismounted,
Soon she saw the milk white pony,
Of her brave and loved Matsoka;
Then she stooped and drew the arrow,
Which had killed his tiny charger;
Ah! 'twas not an enemies' arrow,
'Twas the angry Red Owl shot it.
He had proved himself a traitor,
And her lover was a prisoner.

Of the fate of brave Matsoka,
Blue Sky was in doubt no longer;

He was doubtless held a prisone
By the fierce and cruel Crow warriors;
He was held for cruel torture;
And to save him she was minded;
She would rescue him from torture.

Quickly did the Indian maiden
Know the plans that she would follow,
So she hid herself till nightfall,
Then she entered the encampment,
Boldly in their midst she entered;
Dressed as nearly like their women,
As she could arrange her costume.
Carried she a bundle with her,
Which a small papoose resembled;
Walked straight through the dim encampment
To the crowded council chamber.

Nearer drew she to the old chief,
Strange the sight that met her vision;
There in holiday attire,
Dressed as if a guest of honor,
Sat the brave and dauntless White Bear,
On the right hand of the old chief.
Like a prince he proudly sat there,
In her joy and exultation,
Stepped she forward in the circle;
Where the light fell full upon her;

Then went up a cry of horror,
As before had not been sounded;
In the solemn council chamber,
For the warriors had detected,
That a spy was in their council;
Quickly was Blue Sky surrounded,
By a score of angry warriors,
Shouting in their consternation,
See! a traitor is among us!
See! a Sioux! a spy is with us!
But the chief with tones commanding,
Ordered them to bring her hither;
Thus escorted by two warriors,
Walked she forth with dauntless courage;
Head erect, and bright eyes flashing,
All the courage of the red man,
Welling up within her bosom;
Thus she bravely faced the old chief;
Won at once his admiration.

Then the chief in tones more gentle,
Thus addressed the Indian maiden,
"What could bring you to this council,
Daughter of the Sioux, our enemies?
Young art thou, and fair thy features;
Mild thy tones and soft thy accent,
Tell me now what brings you hither?"

"You have killed my only brother,
You have taken my lover prisoner,
'Tis for his sake that I come here,
That I risk my life and honor,
That I now am in this chamber"

"Brave Sioux maiden!" spoke the old chief,
"Bravest of all Indian women,
Know you that your valiant lover,
Was betrayed by a Sioux warrior
When a brave fought with the White Bear?
Brave and fearless is your lover,
But 'twas not his bravery saved him;
'Twas because he so resembled,
My brave son who fell in battle;
Thus thy lover I've adopted;
He my son shall be from henceforth;
But thou brave and faithful maiden,
Thou shalt have him for thy husband."

So Blue Sky and brave Matoska,
Sojourned with their rival nation;
And as time went on the old chief,
Looked upon them with such favor,
That he felt a strong desire,
Peace might be between the nations;
That warfare might cease between them.

Then it happened that the old chief
Called his tribe to meet in council,
Where he made known his desire.
Told them how he loved the White Bear,
Told them how he loved his daughter;
Then the warriors bowed in silence;
Sat for long time sad and thoughtful;
Then they answered with deep pathos,
Answered braves as well as women,
"We are glad you speak such wise words,
It is well, 'tis well, our father."

Soon it was after this meeting,
That fair Blue Sky and her husband,
With a host of friendly warriors,
Bearing presents rich and costly,
Went again unto their people;
And the Sioux rejoiced to see them,
As from the dead again returning;
Many were the words of welcome,
Many were the kindly greetings.
Oh! how overjoyed the heart is,
After long time separation,
Greet we once again our loved ones;
When for many years we've missed them.

When Matsoka told the old chief,
Why the Crows had come to see them,

Quickly did he call a meeting
Of his warriors in the council,
And with due consideration,
Smoked the peace pipe with the warriors,
Talked of love and peace and friendship.
Many speeches made the warriors,
First one side and then the other;
Then at last a friendly treaty,
Which would join the tribes together,
In a lasting bond of friendship,
Twixt the tribes, was consummated,
Which for many summers lasted.

Then a mighty shout resounded,
From the solemn council chamber;
Such a shout as comes from glad hearts,
When emotion fills their bosoms,
Fills their hearts with joy and rapture.
Then they went forth from the council,
With glad hearts and smiling faces,
For their work had been completed,
And a sumptuous feast was made them,
Many deer were dressed and roasted,
Many dainties were provided,
Mingled Sioux and Crows together,
Mingled in their joyful feasting,
Thus the treaty of peace was made,
Thus the peace was consummated.

LEGEND OF THE NORTH STAR

An Ojibway Legend

There lived in a lodge in the forest wide,
On the shore of the great wide sea,
Where the antlered dweller of the wild,
Roamed through the wild woods free,
Two brothers, who were friends indeed,
As brothers ought to be.

For many and many a moon they roamed,
To hunt the prowling bear;
And still their love the warmer grew,
Still loved they more to share
Each other's sorrows, joys, and grief;
And bear each other's care.

A pledge they made by the side of the sea,
That they would never part;
For the love that they loved would be steadfast love,
The love of a guileless heart,
A love that was born of friendship true,
And not deceptive art.

So hand in hand they journeyed on,
'Neath the heaven's wondrous blue,

Through the forest wide they wandered oft,
God's wondrous works to view,
And their hearts were happy as singing birds;
In the joy of their friendship true.

But soon a change came into their lives,
As has happened oft before;
For brothers like others their friendship fails,
As friendship has failed before;
For one of the brothers fell in love,
With a maid from a southern shore.

The lodge was too large for the grandmother old,
And the game too hard to dress;
So she asked two maidens to come and dwell,
In her lodge in the wilderness;
So one of the maidens won the heart,
Of the man that she loved best.

How listless now were the lives of the men,
Who had both been friends so true;
For one could shoot the prowling bear,
But naught could the other do,
But think of the maid who had come to his lodge,
The live long day all through.

For what can a man or maiden do,
When they deeply fall in love?

They are good for naught in this world below,
Nor fit for the world above;
Till they haste away, on their wedding day,
In the ardor of youthful love.

So seeing how badly his brother failed,
In killing the prowling bear,
He asked what change had come over his life
Or what was his weight of care.
'Twas then he confessed he had fallen in love,
With the maiden with coal black hair.

"If that be true," the brother replied,
"I shall leave thee, brother dear,
I shall not return to my lodge again,
Nor to this forest drear;
So fare-thee-well! my friend! farewell!
The Manitou's call I hear."

So saying, he started for the North,
Not waiting for reply;
No pleading words could halt his steps,
Or turn his steadfast eye;
But these were the words that floated back,
As he mounted up on high.

"Although I have gone to return no more,
Yet I'll ever be your friend,

And shine on high in the northern sky,
Till days and nights shall end,
And twinkle bright, in the North at night,
Then you'll know I am your friend.

If ever you're in the forest lost,
I hope you'll watch for me;
For I'll be thinking of you dear friend!
Where ever you may be;
And I will guide you safe home again;
To your lodge by the northern sea."

Thus saying, he began to mount,
Up! Up! to the northern sky;
Unto this day he is standing there,
Chasing the bear, hard by,
As he loved to do in the Michigan woods;
So he still does in the sky.

The other hunter was so chagrined
That he turned in sore dismay,
For as he thought of the loss of his friend,
He pined and wasted away;
A fleeting shadow he became,
And is unto this day.

Now ever since, he has roamed the hills,
And wandered up and down;

Among the rocks and cliffs he hides,
But nowhere makes his home;
For no one will shelter him over night,
And no one will him own.

Whenever friend or foe goes by,
His taunting voice they hear,
And he hoots in derision when they pass,
Or he mocks when they venture near,
For his name it is echo, Bah-swa-way,
Who forsook his friend once dear.

The two fair maidens waited long;
For their lovers to return;
But disappointed, rose on high,
To where the bright stars burn;
And now as morning and evening stars;
These sentinels take their turn.

The pole star's light, in northern sky,
Not always is secure;
The morning star, may hide its light,
The evening, not be sure;
But friendship born of holy love,
Forever will endure.

GAW-BE-NAW, THE FIRST MAN

If you listen to my story,
I will tell you of Gaw-Be-Naw;
I will tell you the tradition,
Of Gaw-Be-Naw, of the first man,
Fashioned by the Gitchi Manitou.

Now the first man, great Gaw-Be-Naw,
Ruled o'er land and lake and ocean,
Gave he names to birds and insects,
Every beast that roamed the forest.
With great wisdom taught the people,
Taught them how to make their gardens,
Taught them how to build their wigwams,
Taught them how to make their clothing,
How to hunt the bear and beaver,
How to fish along the rivers.
He was both their seer and prophet,
He their self-appointed leader,
Led he them in paths of wisdom.

Of his genius and his prowess,
Many volumes might be written;
No task was too heavy for him;
No feat too great for his prowess;
Every task he could accomplish.
He it was who built the chemaun,

Built the light canoe to sail in;
Introduced the new inventions,
For the good of all the people;
Taught them how to build pe-no-gawes,
The warm winter house to live in,
When with snow the earth was covered;
How to make the bow and arrow;
How to make the wondrous snow shoe,
And the tomahawk to hunt with.
The Great Spirit loved Gaw-Be-Naw,
Favored him in each endeavor.

To a good age lived Gaw-Be-Naw;
None could tell just how long lived he;
But when first he reigned, his people
Happy were and well contented,
Free were they from all dissension.

As old age was creeping on him,
And his reign was swiftly closing,
A great drouth spread o'er the country,
And a famine swept his nation;
All the land was parched and barren.

Why this famine came upon them,
And they were allowed to suffer,
Was because of disobedience,
And of pride and high ambition

To usurp the kingly power
Which belonged to Gitchi Manitou,
Thus to get along without him.

In vain Gaw-Be-Naw prayed and fasted,
In vain he made his supplications;
No rains came to quench the parched ground,
Or refresh the sun-dried pastures,
From starvation save his people.

Then he formed a resolution,
He would make a toilsome journey
To the realm of the Great Spirit;
He would intercede in person
For the lives of all his people.

Many, many days he traveled,
Lone and toilsome was the journey
To the realm of the Great Spirit;
But at last he reached his dwelling,
Met the Ruler of Creation.

Then the Ruler of Creation,
Looked upon him with compassion;
With great kindness spoke he to him,
As a father loves his children,
Such love showed the Gitchi Manitou.

"Child you have been disobedient,
You have grieved and disobeyed me;
But your pleadings I have heeded.
I will have compassion on you,
Send the rain to save your people.
From this time, brave Ah-nim-a-kee
With his drum shall sit beside me,
And whene'er the rain is needed,
He will beat upon his big drum.
When he pounds it with his drum stick
O'er the earth will roll the thunder;
When he winks his eyes, the lightning
Will shine forth o'er all the heavens.
Then the rain the earth will moisten;
I will send the drops refreshing."

Far away beyond the mountains,
Beyond the seas and past the rivers,
Farther than any man has traveled,
With his back towards this planet,
Sits a warrior old and wrinkled,
With his hands all hard and calloused
With the handling of his drum sticks.
'Tis Ah-nim-a-kee, the Thunderer,
Who will at a given signal
From the Great Spirit, Gitchi Manitou,
Beat a march upon his big drum;
With his eyes will flash the lightning,

Send the rain upon the pastures,
Send the rain, the crops to nourish,
That his children may not perish.

When the great and gracious spirit
Shows his love toward his children,
Gives them peace and bounteous harvests,
Sends the rain the land refreshing,
Sends the warm and welcome sunshine,
Sends the flowers with their perfume,
Sends the birds to sing their sweet songs,
Causes trees to grow to cheer us,
And protect us with their branches,
From the rivers gives us fishes,
Gives us game from out the forests,
Gives us home and food and shelter;
Why should we rebel against him,
And forget to do his bidding,
Think not of his loving kindness,
And neglect our solemn duty?
Till Ah-nim-a-kee, the Thunderer,
Fails to beat upon his big drum,
And the world begins to languish
For the cool, refreshing rain-drops;
Then we go to him to help us,
Then we go his aid imploring,
Then we say, " Great Spirit, help us,
Help, oh help thy little children,

But we'll not forget thy kindness,
We will not usurp thy power,
We will love thee and obey thee,
We will trust thee for the future,
Then we know thou wilt be near us,
Will protect us with thy feathers;
'Neath thy wings wilt safely hide us
Till the storm has all passed over;
And the peace which thou dost give us,
Fills our hearts to overflowing;
Not a cloud our sky o'ershadows,
Not a fear disturbs our bosom.
But within thy trust confiding,
Holy Angels shall protect us;
On their hands they'll bear us safely,
Till we reach the Joyous Soul-land."

THE MESSAGE BEARERS

The Indian's Belief in Prayer

When the Great and Gracious Spirit
Brought the Indian race, the red men,
From their happy homes and left them,
On this earth to toil and suffer,
Sent he, then, the message bearers,
Who could take his children's message
To the land of the Great Spirit,
To the Sachems in the wigwam,
By the sacred council fire,
Where the flame is not extinguished.
For the red men were unhappy
And they thus addressed the Manitou:
"Wilt thou tell us, O! our Father,
How thy children can inform thee
Of their wishes and desires,
Ask thee to their homes to help them,
Drive away the evil spirits.
To attend their feasts and dances?
Thou canst not at all times hear us,
Be awake and ever watching,
For sometimes thou wilt be sleeping,
And the trail is dark and secret
To the happy lands far distant.
How, then, can thy children's message
Reach the ears of the Great Spirit?"

Then the Manitou, the Great Spirit,
Created for each Indian warrior,
A second self to be his guardian;
With strong wings did he create him,
With swift feet to run his errands,
In the air to make his dwelling.
To them he imparted secrets,
Of the entrance to his dwelling,
Guides he made them of those going,
Far away on their long journey
That they might be safely guided
Through the labyrinth and mazes
Of the dark and toilsome journey.
At all times must they be ready,
At the service of the red men,
That no word might go unheeded
Thus he named them, message bearers.

Solemn were the duties given
To these little message bearers;
They must carry every message
To a loved one long departed
To the land of Pleasant Forests,
With as strict and solemn reverence,
As if it had been intended
For the ear of the Great Spirit.

If his words had been untruthful
Or if they were idly spoken,

Yet the bearers must report them,
Just as they had been repeated
In the ear of the Great Spirit;
That he might know who was worthy
Of admittance to the presence
Of the great and wise Creator,
To the Great Grand Council Fire,
Which will go not out forever.

When he'd finished his instructions,
The Great Spirit told the Sachems,
He'd be to his home returning;
And that they could guide his children
To the bank of a fair river,
Near which they might dwell in safety,
And convey their wishes to him.

Slowly and with voice pathetic,
Spoke the Sachem, the chief speaker;
Spoke with words distinct, impressive,
Seemed as if his soul went with it.
And the eager message bearer,
From the bank across the river,
Caught the words as they were spoken,
And with loud voice sent them onward,
Shouted them, unto another,
Who in tree-top down the river,
Caught the words as they were spoken,

Crouched to do the spirit's bidding.
On and on, the voice still thundered,
Rolled along ravine and valley,
Leaping from the leafy hill-top,
To the side of rugged mountain,
From the mountain side to lakelet,
Striding over gloomy forests,
Shooting like a falling meteor,
Bounding and reverberating,
Until faint it grows and fainter,
Until lost in the blue distance
Of the plain which stretched in beauty,
Far below the dark-some mountain.
Thus the message with great swiftness,
Sped as if on wings of lightning,
Borne by swift-winged message bearers;

Words of thankfulness were carried,
Words of love and fond affection
From the lips of grateful Sachems;
Till it reached the loving father,
Who with bended ear was listening,
Ever listening for the message
From his children in the dark world,
To the chiefs who sat in brightness,
Of the glowing council fire,
Which would never be extinguished.

THE VALLEY OF THE ONTONAGON *

In the rough and rugged Northland
Rocked by wild Superior's wave,
In the dark and towering forest
Traversed long by Indian brave,
Lies the greenest of our valleys,
Wondrous fair,
Smiling on the passing stranger,
In beauty rare.

Surely this is land enchanted
Such a fragrance fills the air,
Surely angels' eyes ne'er wander
Over prospect yet more fair,
Such sweet songs the wild birds warble,
Hearts in tune,
While the soft winds kiss the daisies,
In blithesome June.

* The valley of the Ontonagon described in these lines is pronounced by tourists, who have traveled extensively, to be among the most beautiful which they have seen. It is not on so large a scale as the scenery of the West, but from the National hill it appears like some gorgeous fairy land. The town referred to is Rockland, which overlooks the valley.

Through the hazy mist that hovers,
'Neath the sky's delicious blue,
A rugged range of distant mountains
Rear their lofty peaks in view,
While the oaks, and pines and hemlocks,
Seem to be
One expanse of verdant forest
Stretching onward to the sea.

At our feet a spacious valley
Clothed in robes of living green,
Pierced by many a yawning cavern,
Crossed by many a dark ravine,
Traversed by a winding river
Flowing gently by;
Smiling ever, ever, ever,
Does this vale of beauty lie.

Peeping out on this fair valley,
Hushed by hum of rippling rills,
Rests a town of rarest beauty,
Nestled in among the hills,
On the mountain's side above it,
Sleep the dead;
On its crest an ancient landmark,
Lifts its head.

Keeping this fair dell from danger
As if to guard it from surprise,
Giant hills, in countless numbers,
To the east and southward rise,
Till the oaks, and pines, and hemlocks,
Sing in tune;
Flooding all the land with music,
In blithesome June.

WHY THE PINE TREES WEEP

An Ojibway Legend

A beautiful story to me was told
Of the days when the earth was new;
It told how the Indian race begun,
In that wonderful land of the Rising Sun,
And the clime where the pine trees grew;
It told me of Mongo, the Manitou Man;
And the days when the earth was new.

It told me that Mongo, the Manitou Man,
Left his home to return no more;
And wandered far north where the wild winds blow,
And the forest glistens with ice and snow,
On the bleak Superior shore;
Where the howl of the gray wolf lulled him to
sleep,
And the Escanabas roar.

No want was known in that wonderful land,
Where fish and game abound,
And the roaring camp-fire's cheerful glow,
Sent shadows flickering to and fro,
The forest dim around;
But the heart of Mongo was heavy and sad;
Who no companion found.

Great Spirit saw that his heart was sad,
So one night as he sat by the fire,
He saw in the heavens a meteor bright,
Which flashed through the sky like waves of light,
And it brought him his heart's desire;
For the bright ball fell and burst at his feet;
And it gave him his heart's desire.

For there a short distance from where he sat,
Stood a woman wondrous fair,
Who came from the heart of the ball of light,
With form so winsome and eyes so bright,
And a wealth of coal black hair.
And the meteor's sparks were not more bright,
Than the eyes of this maiden fair.

At first the heart of the Manitou Man,
Was startled, and filled with fear,
He stood in silence, his lips were dumb,
When she held out her hands and beckoned to come,
And he tremblingly drew near.
Then his terror was changed to a passion of love,
As he felt her presence near.

The maiden was Masaqua (New Born Light),
Who had come to gladden his home;
So he led her away to his big tepee,
That she the light of his life might be,

And ne'er from him should roam;
But brighten his lodge by the light of her eyes,
Like the light when the bright star shone.

They dwelt together for many a moon,
And sons and daughters were born;
The echoing forest rang with their glee,
And their laughter gladdened the big tepee,
They shouted at early morn;
For their hearts were as light as the zephyrs that
blow
The leaves of the ripening corn.

One day, Mongo, the Manitou Man
Fell sick, and they feared he would die;
Though Wasaqua nursed him with tender care,
His spirit went home e'er she was aware
To the land of the cloudless sky.
And they made him a grave in a mossy dell;
In a glade where a brook flows by.

For Wasaqua, the New Born Light,
No comfort could be found;
She threw herself down on her loved one's grave,
And woeful lamentations made,
For with tears she suffused the ground;
No wild bird warbled his welcome notes
From the sombre woods around.

The bears and the wolves lay down by her side
To keep her warm at night;
The birds and beasts brought morsels rare
To nourish and show their tender care;
And the sun shed his wondrous light;
While the silvery moon-beams softly crept,
O'er the grave, in the lonesome night.

But she grieved, for her love had been tender and
strong,
'Twas a love that could never fail;
And she fell asleep as the sun went down,
And the fragrant breath of the flowers was blown
By the balmy southern gale;
And they made her a grave by her husband's side,
In the depth of the lonely vale.

The Whip-poor-will's voice was heard no more,
And the wolf's drear howl was still;
The great owl ceased his nightly song,
And the tall forest trees sighed all night long,
In grief for the ones who had gone;
And that lonely valley was draped with mist,
In the gray of the early dawn.

E'er the sun shone on the grave again,
A solitary pine,
A watchman seemed that towering stood,

The stately monarch of the wood,
Rising to height sublime,
Where the first man and woman were laid,
The first tree of its kind.

So night and day the pine tree wept;
And sang a sad refrain;
As lonely its faithful vigil it kept,
Above the graves where the loved ones slept,
Who would never come back again.
So unto this day do the pine trees weep,
And sing a sad refrain.

ONIATA: THE LILY OF THE FOREST

Legends of the Iroquois by W. W. Canfield

In the lodge of Tiogaughwa,
By the shining Big Sea Water,
Lived the daughter of a chieftain,
Lived Oniata (Forest Lily),
Fairest of all Indian maidens.

Eyes had she like the dark fish pools,
Where the brook trout sport with pleasure,
Deep pools of the silvery streamlets
Fed by mountain springs of crystal,
Pools that sleep in shady places.

Fair as morning were her features,
White her skin as feathery snow-flakes,
Save the bloom upon her red cheeks,
Like unto the sun's first coming
To awake the fields of ripe corn.

The bright sun had kissed her hair, and
From its wealth, its gold had borrowed,
And it fell upon her shoulders
In a wealth of grace and beauty,
Like a cloud, all fleecy, golden.

Her voice was so full of music,
That the song birds stopped to listen;
For they wished to catch those sweet notes,
And repeat them in the morning,
When the dew was on the flowers.

When she laughed the mountain streamlets
Fled away, in noisy clamor,
Sought the silence of deep pools;
For their voices seemed but mockery,
When they once had heard Oniata.

To the Indians such a vision
Ne'er was seen in all the country;
And whene'er she passed, they whispered,
Startled by her wondrous beauty.
And they named her, Forest Lily;
Said she came from that far country,
Where the good are always happy,
And the maidens all were like her,
In the land of pleasant forests.

To her father came great honor,
Proud was he of his Oniata,
Many were the treasures brought him,
Many were the gifts presented.
Costly gifts were laid before him,
Great chiefs sought with him a treaty,

Came from far to smoke the peace pipe;
But they all without exception,
Asked his daughter's hand in marriage.

Through all countries spread the tidings
Of the maiden's wondrous beauty;
Like a harvest feast of bounty,
Like the boastings of the bear hunt,
Like the wild news of the war-path.

From the distant Indian village,
From the forest and the camp-fire,
From the tribes of distant nations,
Came young chiefs and war-worn veterans,
To the lodge of Tiogaughwa.

But 'twas not the chief who drew them,
'Twas the lovely Forest Lily;
And they were not disappointed,
For the maiden, all unconscious
Of the radiance of her presence,
And the spell she cast around her,
Humbly did her father's bidding;
In his spacious lodge presided,
Like a queen she waited on them.

What so winsome as a maiden?
What so charming as a woman;

In her eyes are darts more deadly
Than an arrow tipped with flint-stone,
Guided by the eagle's feather;
In her eyes are depths much deeper
Than the far-famed pools of Heshbon;
Thus she causes man to follow,
Thus she leads him with her love-light.

Thus it was with these great warriors,
Who had come so far to see her;
In her eyes they saw the love-light,
In her face they saw the sunlight,
In her voice they heard the music,
In her hair they saw the sunset,
Golden sunset of the evening;
And her form was like the willow,
Graceful willow by the river.
Thus to know her, was to love her,
Was to love her, all too fondly.

Love is fond, and love is foolish,
When in love, look not for reason;
Reason then is on a journey,
Or, perchance, she yet is sleeping;
If she's sleeping, do not wake her,
If you do, she will not listen,
Wit and wits are out of fashion.

So it is with king and beggar;
So it is with fool and wise man;
Youth and age alike are foolish;
So it was from the beginning;
And these chiefs were no exception,
When they saw the Forest Lily.

Homes were left, and wives deserted,
Mothers left to pine in sadness;
Sweethearts once their pride and boasting
Left behind, and spurned and jilted,
For the lovely Forest Lily.
Chase and war-path were forsaken
In their mad infatuation.

Feats of strength enacting wonders,
Strange and weird was their performance,
Till upon the ground exhausted,
With the zeal of their endeavor,
Thus they vainly tried to win her.

From the greatest of the warriors,
To the young and foolish Waskum,
Whom the Indians call the foolish;
For he thought by his grimaces,
He could win the Forest Lily.
Thus he danced the giddy whirl dance,
Thus he gave the awful war whoop,

Thus he danced the frantic sword dance,
Making sport for all who saw him;
But Oniata, all unheeding,
Did not court their smiles or favors.

Hark! I hear the quiet footfall
Of a host of Indian women;
See, they fill the Council Chamber,
Sitting in a solemn circle;
'Tis the sweethearts, wives, and mothers
Of the chiefs who love Oniata,
And have left their homes to woo her.
Now they summon all the warriors,
That they may relate their grievance.

Hark! I hear the voice of singing,
Coming from the Council Chamber;
'Tis a song as of a maiden,
Grieving for her absent lover.
Now the women all are singing.

INDIAN MAIDEN'S LAMENT

There was once a winsome Indian girl
  Who loved a warrior bold;
    But he had gone a long, long way,
    And had not returned for many a day,
  And the maiden's heart grew cold;

And she waited and watched for his return,
For she loved her warrior bold.

CHORUS

This maiden would cry in the silent night,
My lover, come back to me!
But the wind through the pine trees seemed to moan,
"He'll never come back to thee,
He'll never come back to thee."

This maiden would roam through the forest wild,
And search for her lover alone;
And watch 'neath the light of the moon's pale beams,
And follow the course of the murmuring streams,
And list to their sad, sweet tones;
And it seemed that an arrow was piercing her heart,
As she'd list to their pensive tones.

Once when she stood 'neath the twinkling stars,
She thought she felt him nigh;
And heard him whisper, "My love, be true!
And I will come back again to you!"
But 'twas only the night bird's cry;
And her heart grew sick with foreboding ill,
And her bosom heaved a sigh.

And every night e'er the sun goes down
Beneath the heaven's blue,
You may see this lovely maid go forth,
This maiden of dusky hue,
And hear her whisper in sad, sweet tones,
"My lover, I'll be true!
My loved one, I'll be true!"

Scarcely had the sad notes ended,
When another song resounded
From the solemn Council Chamber;
'Twas an Indian wife lamenting,
For her husband who had left her.

INDIAN WIFE'S LAMENT

Oh! why has he gone far, far away, and left me;
Far from our lodge where he called me his own;
Where in his arms he did ofttimes enfold me;
Oh! why did he go; and leave me alone?
His voice was so sweet, like the notes of the wild birds,
His eyes were as mild as the white cooing dove;
His feet were as swift as the deer on the mountain,
O! come back, Algonquin! Oh! come back, my love!

I am so lonely, since you have gone from me,
And sad is my heart, when the evening draws nigh;
The lodge is more drear than the winds of the wild-wood,
Oh, come back, Algonquin! or else let me die.
Oh, come back, my sweetheart! or else let me die.

Why has he gone from the lodge of his true love?
Why did he leave me to make my heart sore?
He went for the love of the pale Forest Lily
And now he forsakes me, and comes back no more.
He lurks in the forest, or lies near her wigwam,
To win but one glance of the maiden's dark eyes;
He brings her rare presents of rich furs and wam-pum,
And for naught else but her favor he sighs.

O! why has he gone from my desolate wigwam?
'Tis the cruel Oniata that lures him away;
'Tis the smiles and the tears of the pale Forest Lily,
That ever ensnare him, and keep him away;
That ever allure him and keep him away.

Oh! why should the heart of my love be inconstant?
Oh! why should he change like the fickle west wind?
Oh! why should my starlight go out in his presence?

Oh! why should the heart of my love be unkind?
He promised to love me, he promised to cheer me,
To never forsake me or leave me alone,
To care for me ever with love and affection,
And be my Algonquin, but now he is gone.

Oh! why has he gone from my desolate wigwam?
'Tis the cruel Oniata that lures him astray!
'Tis the smiles and the tears of the pale Forest Lily
That ever ensnare him and keep him away;
That ever allure him, and keep him away.

Oh! may the bad spirits annoy and afflict her!
And coax her away through the forest so wild;
To wander alone in the vales and the mountains,
Alone in the woods, like a fatherless child.
Oh! may the great owl flap his wings as she passes,
And hoot in derision, as she wanders by!
And under the moonlight and under the starlight
And under the clouds and the dew, may she lie.

O cruel Oniata! O cruel Forest Lily!
You've stolen the heart of my husband from me;
And now may you wander alone in the forest,
As lonely and sad as my loved one left me;
As lonely and sad as my husband left me.

When this weird, sad song was ended,
Still the women sang another;
And the warriors' hearts were softened
By the memory of their children;
As they sang, the warriors listened.

INDIAN LULLABY SONG

Ewa-Yea! — Ewa-Yea!
  List to my lullaby.
Ewa-Yea! — Ewa-Yea!
  List to the night bird's cry;
Sweetly sleep in your mossy bed,
While the bright stars twinkle out over-head,
  And the night winds softly sigh,
  And the night winds softly sigh.

Ewa-Yea! — Ewa-Yea!
  Soft is your mossy bed,
Ewa-Yea! — Ewa-Yea!
  Low was the prayer you said.
Mother will watch by her babe while he sleeps,
While the Great Spirit his silent watch keeps,
  Above the tall pine tree;
  He'll ever keep watch of thee.

Ewa-Yea! — Ewa-Yea!
  Safe are you from all harm;

Ewa-Yea! — Ewa-Yea!
Safe from the night's alarm.
The sun has gone far away in the West,
And the night owl hoots in the tree by his nest;
But mother will stay with thee,
But mother will stay with thee.

Ewa-Yea! — Ewa-Yea!
Sleep till the morning light;
Ewa-Yea! — Ewa-Yea!
Wake with the blossoms bright.
Sleep then, my darling, and sweet be thy rest,
Sleep then, my babe, like a bird in its nest,
While the night winds softly sigh,
While the night winds softly sigh.

When once more the song was ended,
And the council sat in silence,
Waunopeta, tall and handsome,
Graceful as the stately cedar,
Wife was she of Chief Torquanda,
She the spokesman of the women,
Boldly walked forth in the circle.

"Brothers! listen to my story!
Listen now to Waunpeta!
We have brought you to this Council
That we may relate our grievance,

That our hearts may not be broken.
We have come to tell our story,
For our lovers all have left us;
In our wigwams burn the fires,
Brightly have they burned and cheerful,
As a welcome to our lovers.
But they came not in the evening,
Though we watched until the morning.

"Vainly have the maidens waited
By the brookside in the forest
Where the song birds sing the sweetest,
Where the violets are peeping,
Where the balmy breath of springtime
Softly sighs among the branches,
Fills the air with forest freshness.

"Vainly have we told our sorrows
In the ear of the Great Spirit;
When our children pined and faded,
Like the wild rose in the summer;
But it seemed he would not listen.

"Brothers! listen to my story!
I am speaking for my sisters;
Have the wives proved false and faithless?
Have the mothers been neglectful?
Have the maidens lost their beauty?

If so, they no more will vex you;
No more grieve you by their presence;
We beseech you at this council,
Send us on our long, long journey.
Brothers, it is not like warriors,
Thus to leave the ones who love them;
If you listen, I will tell you,
Of the Legend of the River.

THE LEGEND OF THE RIVER

"O my braves! do you remember,
How the lovely Tonadahwa,
How the charming Seneca maiden
Loved a brave who wooed and won her,
Saved her from impending danger?

"As one day this lovely maiden,
Her canoe was swiftly urging,
Urged her chemaun swiftly onward,
Little thinking of the danger,
That so near at hand was threatening,
Might be seen a dusky warrior,
Fleeing swiftly through the forest,
Like the red deer, swiftly running;
On the bank above the river,
In a great tree took his station.
'Twas her jealous Seneca lover,

Who had sought her hand in marriage,
But whom she had spurned and jilted.
As her cheemaun swiftly bore her,
From the village of the Senecas,
Suddenly she heard a whistle,
Which she thought to be her lover,
And she rested on her paddle.

"Listening, again she heard it;
Heard a call as of her lover,
Heard it echo through the woodlands,
Listened to it still resounding.
'Twas a welcome note that called her,
And the rich blood mounting upward,
Caused her cheeks to glow with beauty,
And emotion heaved her bosom.
With a cry of joy she answered,
Toward the bank her boat she guided,
With a few swift strokes she sent it,
In the deep shade of the elm tree,
'Neath its over-hanging branches.

"But! alas! 'twas not her lover,
That into her cheemaun lighted,
Springing swiftly from the elm tree,
With a look so dark and angry,
With an evil look of triumph.

"Not a sound escaped the maiden;
Nor a terror gave expression;
But her red cheeks lost their color,
And her dark eyes gleamed more darkly,
From her heart, all hope was driven;
When her hated Seneca lover,
From her small hands caught the paddle,
Sent her light craft swiftly forward
Toward the middle of the river.

"Hark! what is that sound which startles
Like the whizzing of an arrow?
See! it cleaves the air so swiftly,
Like a sunbeam winged with swan's down;
But its point is sharp as flint stone,
Like soft words with poison laden,
When they pierce fond hearts and break them.
And it strikes between the shoulders
Of her cowardly abductor,
Just as he is bending forward,
In his arms to clasp the maiden.

"With a cry, the baffled rival,
Leaped into the foaming river;
As he springs, he hurls the paddle;
And with last remaining effort,
Pushed the boat into the current.

"Then the whirling, seething rapids,
Caught the helpless craft and bore it,
With terrific swiftness onward,
O'er the waters, green as emerald
Save for white foam, mist enshrouded,
Tossed the frail bark like a plaything,
At the mercy of the rapids;
Whirled it round, then onward, onward,
Until lost, amid the tumult
And the roar of seething waters.

"Then the lovely Tonadahwa
Turned toward the gloomy forest,
Saw her lover, pale and trembling,
Heard a moan that froze her heart's blood,
Like a frightened fawn his eyes were.

"When she saw his dreadful anguish,
And beheld his true affection,
All the courage of the red man,
All his bravery and composure,
Seemed to swell within her bosom;
She, with smile of fond affection,
Waved a farewell to her lover;
And as her canoe went flying
Through the mist, and, spray enshrouded,
Toward the torrent just below her
On the wind a song she wafted;
She her death song sadly chanted:

DEATH CHANT

" ' Fare thee well, my faithful lover,
Do not weep for me, Algonquin,
For your Tonadahwa loves you,
Loves you truly, dearly loves you;
You will meet her, O my lover!
In the Forest of Good Spirits,
Where we shall be always happy.'
And the pine trees of the forest
Caught the song, and gently whispered,
'Yes! you shall be always happy!
Fare thee well! O Tonadahwa!'

" For a moment, stood her lover,
Stood he speechless, panic-stricken;
Then new spirit came within him,
And new courage took possession;
Like the wind, he swiftly flew then,
Like the wind, along the river,
On the high bank there he faltered,
On the high bank, where the water
Tumbled over, downward, downward,
Faltered only for a moment,
Till his Tonadahwa vanished,
In the foaming flood beneath him;
Then his arms one moment raising,
Toward the land of the departed,
Leaped he in the dreadful whirlpool.

"As the angels guide the noble,
Guide the brave and the true-hearted,
In their strong arms safely hold them,
Bear them on their hands in safety,
So the spirits of great warriors,
Who had long before departed
To the land of pleasant forests,
Caught this brave and faithful lover.
Swiftly, swiftly, yet so gently,
Lowered they the hero downward,
Till unharmed beneath the waters,
'Neath the fall of roaring waters;
And received his Tonadahwa,
Safe into his arms enfolded,
Where the braves had held her safely,
Held her to await his coming.

"Clinging to the broken boulders,
Bruised and blinded by the mad waters,
The triumphant Seneca warrior,
Onward bore his precious burden;
Onward, to a place of safety,
Where with joy beyond expression,
Back to consciousness he nursed her,
Back to life again he brought her,
Till once more she smiled upon him.

"As an influence sweetly lingers,
When the life has long departed,

Deeds of love and acts of kindness,
Take their forms like holy angels,
Fill the earth with verdant springtime,
Soothe the heart like notes of song birds,
Till the soul sings of fond memories.

"So the song of Tonadahwa,
Through the woodlands gently floated,
Through the pine trees gently murmured,
Mingled with the roar of waters,
Bidding all true hearts take courage.
So through all time, listening lovers,
Who at time of evening sunset,
Walking by the silvery streamlets,
Listening to their rippling waters,
Hear a cry of pain and anguish
As of Tonadahwa's lover,
When he leaped into the waters;
But, it says, 'Be still! and listen!
No kind word is ever wasted,
No brave heart can be defeated,
Joy shall come again to-morrow.'"

When the speech at last was ended,
And the council chamber silent,
Suddenly, was seen a movement,
Near the entrance of the chamber;
And it proved to be Oniata.

Then was heard a cry of pleasure,
As they looked upon the maiden;
Many there had never seen her,
And were blinded by her beauty;
She was dressed in robe of ermine,
Trimmed with feathers rich and radiant,
Plucked from birds of rarest plumage,
From the countries far to southward.
Could a maiden, pure and childlike,
With the features of an angel,
Be the cause of all their trouble?

Like the hunted fawn her eyes were,
As she stood before the Council;
Sweet and childlike were the accents,
That she uttered in their presence;
And they could not help but love her.

"Sisters, listen to my story!
To the story of Oniata;
For you think I do not love you,
And have lured away your lovers;
But you do not understand me.
Oniata asked not smiles or favors
From the braves who waited on her,
But when resting in her wigwam,
Or communing with her maidens,
Or when thinking of the Dream God,

Or when walking in the forest,
Came the chiefs with silly love songs,
Came with words of foolish flattery,
Came before her lodge with dances,
Came with cries and foolish boasting,
Said they loved the Forest Lily.

"When Oniata roamed the forest
Where the Dream God loves to linger,
Men of strange lands, marked her pathway,
Drove away the peaceful Dream God,
And disturbed her meditations;
Drove her back into her wigwam,
Where she could not keep from weeping.
Sisters! if you listen to me!
I will sing the Dream God for you.

SONG OF THE DREAM GOD

"The Dream God comes to a shy little maiden,
When in her heart are the thoughts of love;
When on her mind are the visions of beauty,
Like the bright spirits that come from above.
When her fair bosom heaves with emotion,
When on her cheeks is the blush of the rose;
When the big tears in her mild eyes glisten,
When her thoughts none but the Dream God knows.

" O! when the Dream God comes to entrance her,
Don't disturb him, or drive him away;
Sweet are the tales that the Dream God tells her,
Sweet are the words, that she hears him say.

" Oft she goes forth in the freshness of morning,
Forth while the dewdrops still kiss the wild rose;
On through the meadow and into the forest;
On to the wildwood where the blue violet grows.
There in the grape vine, the bees are a-buzzing,
There, where the humming bird swings in the breeze,
Out where the red squirrels leap in the branches,
Out where the wild birds sing in the trees.

" That's when the Dream God comes to Oniata,
That's when her vision is far far away;
That's when she thinks of the land of good spirits,
Don't wake the Dream God, or drive him away!

" Once she went forth, in the silence of evening,
Forth by the path, on the bank of the stream;
Over her head the stars faintly twinkled,
Down through the branches, came the moonlight's gleam;
Over the brook, a whip-poor-will was singing,
Singing to his mate, a sad, pensive lay;
Then the Dream God came to the pale Forest Lily,
But they disturbed him, and drove him away.

"Waskum was there, with his dark looks and features,
Standing by a tree, on the bank of the stream;
He had been watching for the pale Forest Lily,
And drove off the Dream God, and frighted her dream.

"Come! let us go to the depths of the wildwood,
Come! let us go where the wild flowers bloom;
Down the winding path by the brink of the streamlet;
Come! Come away! through the woods let us roam!
Come far away, from the noise of the village;
Through the bright dells of the Dream God we'll go;
Through the deep glades of the dark-tangled wildwood,
Down by the streamlet, where the cool waters flow.

"O! when the Dream God comes to entrance us,
Don't you disturb him, or drive him away;
Sweet to our ears, is the voice of the Dream God,
Sweet to our heart, are the words he will say.

"If you knew the Forest Lily,
You would know she loved her sisters;

But her sisters do not love her;
And their hearts are full of envy;
She will go away and leave them,
Far away from the dear homeland,
Where no more again she'll grieve them."

At a signal from the maiden,
Parted was the solemn circle,
That Oniata, on her journey,
Might pass through their midst unhindered,
And relieve them of their rival.

As she started, Chief Torquanda
Moved, as if he wished to follow;
But the princess, Waunopeta,
Quickly took her place before him;
And her father calmly stood there,
Arms close folded on his bosom;
Watched with tearful eyes, his daughter.

Out into the gloomy forest,
Went the gentle Indian maiden;
Silent sat the solemn council,
As the vision faded from them;
Far away from her dear home-land,
Not one look she cast behind her;
All her thoughts were for her sisters.

Many, many days she wandered,
While the bright sun warmed her pathway;
And at night the silvery moonbeams
Shone upon her through the branches;
When she rested by the brook-side,
Then she caught the fragrant blossoms,
And she pressed them to her bosom;
Beamed upon them with her lovelight,
Breathed her love into their bosoms,
Love such as she bore her sisters,
Far away, in the dear home-land.
And their hearts felt such an influence,
That they ever since have given
Love for others, as she taught them,
When in loneliness she saw them,
When she fondly stooped, and kissed them,
When she pressed them to her bosom.

Many, many moons had passed,
And unto the wives and maidens
Joy and gladness had returned
With the coming of their loved ones.
Winter's white cloud he once more
Cast o'er hill and vale and forest,
In his prison house of ice,
Locked he all the lakes and rivers;
But Oniata came no more;

Came no more to bless her people;
And great Tiogaughwa mourned her.

In his lone and desolate wigwam,
Where no fire had since been lighted,
Sat the chief, before his fireplace,
Waited there in gloomy silence,
Sat with bowed head, sad and mournful.

Warm winds came again and wafted
Songs of men and songs of maidens;
Wafted gently through the woodlands
Songs of men and songs of maidens.
Tiogaughwa saw all this, but
Still his heart was sad and lonely;
Love songs only made his heart ache,
Laughter made him feel more lonely.
For the chase, he had no courage;
No words for the council fire;
So he sadly left his people;
Walked away into the forest,
By the same path as his daughter.

As he wandered through the forest,
Flowers raised their heads before him;
Told him often, told him gently,
How his daughter oft had kissed them,
Oft had pressed them to her bosom;

And the old man sank beside them,
Caught the fragrance of their perfume.

When with gentle songs, the South Wind,
Softly sighed among the pine trees,
With such melancholy sadness,
With such sweet, and solemn pathos,
Of his loved one he was minded;
Seemed to him, like her caresses.
And it told him of the future;
Soothed his heart, with sweet forebodings;
Said his wigwam fire was lighted,
By his child who waited for him,
In the Land of Pleasant Forests.

APPENDIX

I

NOTES TO AMERICAN INDIAN LEGENDS

LONGFELLOW'S HIAWATHA

The beautiful Indian poem, *The Song of Hiawatha,* written by Longfellow, and one of his master poems, (probably the one that had as much to do with making him famous as any he has written) is worthy of notice, for some critics say that had he written this poem alone, it would have made him famous.

The poem is worthy of all the praise and favorable criticism it has received, and the rhythm and metre of *The Finnish Ka-le-vala,* the national poem of the Finnish people, being so well adapted to the Indian legends, gives it almost the merit of originality. The spirit of the poem is in harmony with the spirit of the legends embodied in it, and from the standpoint of spirit (or romance), it is correct. From the standpoint of the letter, however, it is far from being correct, and may rightfully be subjected to much adverse criticism, but the poem should be estimated from the former standpoint.

Indian scholars who were familiar with their most common legends have severely criticised the

poem from the standpoint of technicality. For example, I once heard an Indian minister say that Longfellow did not know what he was doing when he wrote *Hiawatha,* "For," said he, "everybody knows that the Chippewa character whom Longfellow named Hiawatha is not Hiawatha at all, but Na-Na-bo-Jo, the Ottawa Hiawatha.

"Doubtless Na-Na-bo-Jo was a great chieftain with supernatural powers. He performed many marvelous feats, and a number of great natural wonders of the country are ascribed to his ingenuity, nevertheless, to the Algonquin tribes generally, Na-Na-bo-Jo was a ludicrous character. In many of his pranks he acted the part of a clown; most of his episodes were of a humorous character in Indian mythology. While ascribing to him unheard-of and wonderful abilities, the Indians ridiculed Na-Na-bo-Jo and laughed at all his accomplishments. He must not be confused with the Gitchi Manitou or Great Spirit, of whom the Indians never spoke except with reverence and great respect. Na-Na-bo-Jo was regarded as a buffoon."

The legend of Hiawatha which Longfellow uses in his *Song of Hiawatha* is in reality, not a Chippewa legend at all, nor can it be found among any of the Algonquin tribes, but it is without question an Iroquois legend and can be found in W W. Canfield's *Legends of The Iroquois.*

To this book and legend I refer the readers of this criticism. I refrain from putting into poetic form this beautiful legend which has had such a great mission in the world, neither will I make a criticism of the literary merit of the poem. It has fulfilled a great mission, and we are greatly indebted to the author for producing it.

It is for the benefit of those who have a sacred regard for the genuineness, authenticity, and correct statement of these legends as the Indians had themselves, and as many of the writers of Indian legends and traditions have had, that I write as I am now doing. To take a distinctively Iroquois character and make of him a distinctively Chippewa character, and bring him over into another part of the country where he had never been represented to have been, was rather a venturesome thing to do. Thus some of the great critics of the country claiming to know, and heartily endorsing the poem as correct and authoritative, must have amused Longfellow many times to think how little they knew about it; for the poet knew very well what he was doing, and all these various changes which he made, he justified himself in doing by taking the liberty of poetic license and by making the end justify the means. For the correctness of this criticism I refer readers to the author before referred to, the chapter on *Hiawatha,* pages 137–148, and John

C. Wright's *Legends of the Crooked Tree,* page 29.

Na-Na-bo-Jo, the Ottawa Hiawatha, a passage of which I have quoted in this article and which may be distinguished from my own language by the use of quotation marks.

THE CREED OF THE IROQUOIS *

It is very difficult to define the creed of the Iroquois, for it is intermingled with many curious superstitions of every kind so that it cannot be stated as doctrines of other religious peoples.

They had no special teachers of religion and could add as many superstitions as the mind could conceive to his own religious belief; their religion saw God as a great and loving spirit whose extended arms bore up and encircled the universe.

They believed that this Great Spirit created all objects both animate and inanimate upon the earth, that he smiled upon his people in sunshine, and showers and frowned upon them in fierce storms and whirlwinds. He peopled the air with millions of embodied spirits, some of which were evil, and

* Contained in the chapter entitled, *The Happy Hunting Grounds,* under the head of *Folk Lore,* in W. W. Canfield's volume.

unless propitiated caused pain, sickness, trouble, and death. Others were good spirits, and aided the hunter in his chase, the lover in his suit, and brought male offspring to the mother's arms.

Finally, he had prepared for them a Happy Hunting Ground where every one should go after death. There beautiful birds would make resonant the hills and valleys with their enchanting songs. The Great Spirit had covered that vast and magnificent country with plants and forests and limpid streams in which and over which would sport the red deer, bears, buffaloes, and all animals and fishes useful for food and clothing. The good Indian could there reside forever with his wives and papooses, climbing the rugged hills without weariness, sporting in the rivers and lakes that never failed to supply an abundance of fish — always returning from the chase laden with trophies of his skill. But the bad Indian would return from the chase empty-handed, he would lose his way and wander in the labyrinth of beautiful paths that led him beside the fields of growing maise which disappeared when he attempted to pluck the glistening ears. Then his more fortunate brothers would take pity on him and lead him to his home, and his punishment would be the chagrin he would feel when of necessity he was compelled to partake of his brothers' bounty.

In the beginning the red man dwelt with the

Great Spirit in this delightful country, but they were so boisterous and full of play that the Great Spirit could get no rest on account of their noise. Besides this, there were no evil spirits or dangers there, and they could not learn to be brave and courageous unless they were situated where they came in contact with opposition and trouble. So the Great Spirit made a large basket in which he placed the red men carefully covering them so they could not see the trail by which he took them from his home. He brought them to the earth and left them with the promise that when they had acquired bravery and circumspection they should again be carried to him and then dwell for "so many moons that all the needles on the greatest pine tree would not tell them all."

The Iroquois held sacred no day on which to perform particular religious exercises, but they had several annual festivals which were observed with regularity for ages, and which are, in a measure, celebrated by the so-called pagans among the Senecas, Onondagas, and Tuscaroras at the present time.

One of their most important feasts was the Maple Dawn. Previous to this festival, the people would meet in the Council Chamber and make confession of their sins and thank the Creator for tempering the wind so that the sap would flow. The confes-

sion of their misdeeds did not relieve them of the consequences of the deeds themselves, but in a measure it tempered the punishment.

The moral code may be briefly summed up as follows:

It was a sin to neglect the old in any manner, or refuse to share with them the fruits of the chase or the products of the fields. And it was especially sinful to neglect or disregard aged or infirm parents. To speak in derision or slightingly of any one who might be lame, blind, idiot, insane,—crippled or in any manner unfortunate in any degree, or to refuse them aid or shelter, was disgraceful. It was wicked to refuse to share food or shelter with any one who might apply for either, or to fail to care for the sick and for orphan children or widows. To break any treaty or agreement made at the Council-fire when the peace-pipe had been smoked, or after the parties making the treaty had taken food together, was ignominious. To violate the chastity of any woman, to kill animals for any other purpose than for food or covering, and for the protection of growing crops or human life, was sinful. It was wrong to tell a falsehood even though it might be of the most innocent character. To show cowardice in meeting any kind of danger, or to shrink from exposure, pain, suffering, sickness, or death, was disgraceful. To take human life un-

less the person killed was a member of a tribe with which the Iroquois were at war was wrong.

There were no punishments prescribed for breaking any of these or other recognized laws but the person offending by the commission of the greater sins was, by common consent and custom, shunned, scorned, shamed, neglected, pointed out, and ostracized from all connection whatever with his tribe and relatives. This generally resulted in the culprit's suicide which was looked upon as a very brave act, and was full reparation for the wrongs committed.

Soon after the Maple Dawn came the Planting Festival. Next came the Green Corn Festival. Then came the Harvest Festival. These festivals were all festivals of thanksgiving very much like the services on the Christian Thanksgiving day, the ways were very similar.

The prayer of the Hope Festival was given when the first green shoots of the corn appeared. At this time they circled around the glowing fires and called upon the Great Spirit to protect the seeds.

The prayer of this festival is as follows: "Thy children thank thee for the life thou hast given the dead seeds. Give us a good season that our crops may be plentiful. Continue to listen for the smoke that rises. Preserve our old men among us and protect the young. Help us to celebrate this fes-

tival as did our fathers."

Sometime during the winter was held the White Dance. This, however, was not of so ancient an origin as the other festivals and was probably a superstition promulgated by some of the great medium men within the last two hundred and fifty years. Evil spirits that might have been driven into the houses of the Indians by the cold were induced by various ceremonies to enter the body of a white dog or grey fox that walked from house to house for that purpose. Then with due ceremony the animal was killed and the bad spirits cremated with the body — the jaws having been tied together so that the spirits could not escape through its mouth into which they had entered. The Indians had numerous other ceremonial dances and any number of social dances — more than any other race of people, for they had few other amusements — but those enumerated above were the only strictly religious festivals. These were in every sense reverential, devotional, and inspired by faith. The red men believed that if they observed them according to ancient customs and usages, it would appease the Great Spirit and that he would eventually take them all to the Happy Hunting Grounds. While they clearly believed in an immortal life and in the resurrection of the body, they had no belief whatever in the infliction of future punishment other

than that experienced by the hunter whose arrows could not procure the game he coveted and trailed in the land where game abounded forever. "Had these people (possessing as they most certainly did a religion combining so many of the elements of the Christian religion), been discovered by any one of the enlightened nations of the present day instead of the bigots of four hundred years ago, their history would not have been written with so many sad scenes for illustrations."

About the year 1800 a new religion was revealed to the members of the Iroquois then residing in New York State, and as it is what is now known as the Pagan belief, it may be well to describe it briefly.

It was introduced by Ea-ne-o-si-go (Handsome Lake) who was born near the site of the village of Avon, New York, in 1735, and died in 1815 at Onondaga while on a pastoral visit to that nation. His life had been spent mainly in dissipation, but in his old age he claimed to have received a wonderful revelation and succeeded in making the Iroquois believe him. Handsome Lake journeyed from tribe to tribe and taught the new faith till his death, fifteen years after. He was regarded as a second Hiawatha and exerted a great influence over the Iroquois. After his death, other teachers took his place and continued to back the new faith. Hand-

some Lake was a half-brother of Cornplanter and Black Snake. They all had the same father, a white trader by the name of Abeel.

The principal points of his creed are as follows: His first efforts were directed towards the eradication of intemperance, and here entered the first threat of future punishment in the Creed of the Iroquois. A drunkard was promised boiling hot liquor which he must drink in great quantities. When he had drunk until he could hold no more, streams of fire would issue from his mouth and he would be commanded to sing as he had done on earth after drinking fire water. Husbands and wives who had been quarrelsome on earth were to be compelled to rage at each other till their eyes and tongues ran out so far they could neither see nor speak. A wife beater would be repeatedly led before a red-hot statue which he would be told to strike as he struck his wife upon earth, and when he struck, sparks would fly from the image and burn his arm to the bone. Lazy people were compelled to till corn-fields in a blazing sun; and as fast as the weeds were struck down, they would again spring up with renewed luxuriance. Those who sold the lands of their people to the whites were assigned the task of removing a never diminishing pile of sand, one grain at a time over a vast distance. These are but samples of the terrible pun-

ishments to be dealt out to evil doers at all times.

At the same time, he taught that rewards would be freely bestowed to those who kept the laws laid down by the Great Spirit, and into these laws as revealed by Handsome Lake with many fanciful and poetical imaginings that pleased the simple people to whom he taught, he wrote the ten commandments. He taught morality, temperance, patience, forbearance, charity, forgiveness, and all the cardinal virtues.

Handsome Lake implicitly believed that the vision he described was a direct visitation from the Creator, and he also believed that in his teachings he was giving voice to the wishes of the Creator. It may be truthfully stated that few Iroquois Indians have at present any well-grounded religious belief, yet if they were not fearful that it would cause them to be subjected to further legal restrictions, they would be well pleased to return once more to the free enjoyment of the teaching of Handsome Lake.

ENCHANTED WATERS: SAUNDERS

"The story goes that once long ago some one was killed upon the lake and the troubled spirit returned to haunt the scene of its mortal passing, but the murderer smitten with remorse and repenting of

his crime was finally forgiven by the Great Spirit and the lake became known as the Waters of the Forgiven. The shadow of that crime was never lifted and it broods forever over the lake's dark face, and upon the mountains that hold it in that cup of stone. There the echo is multiplied. If one calls aloud, a chorus of fantastic mocking voices takes up the sound and it goes crying through the solitude like lost souls in Purgatory. The Waters of the Forgiven exhale their eternal sigh, their pensive gloom, everywhere the sun rides high in the blue; but to feel the fullness of its spectral melancholy, one must seek it out in the scenery of the night. There, as the mellow moon rises over the mountain tops laying the pale fingers of its rays suggestively on rock and tree, touching them with magical illusion and transforming them with goblin shapes, one palpitates with strange fear, is impressed with impending disaster. As the moonlight flows in smooth streams, scaling ravine and lake — deep in shadow the more intense for the contrast of white, discriminating light that shines quicksilver like upon the ripples of the water and the quivering needles of the pine, the silence is broken by dismal howls. It is the lean, gray timber wolves. Their mournful cry is flung back again by the ghostly pack that no eye sees and no foot can track. Mountain lions yell shrilly and are an-

swered by distant ones of their kind; and inevitably that other lesser cry comes back again and again, as though the phantom chorus could never forget nor bear off the burden of the lament. Out of the pregnant darkness into the spectral moonlight shadowy creatures come to the shore to drink. The deer, the bear, sometimes the mountain lion and elk, stalk forth and quench their thirst. These things are strange enough, savage enough to inspire fear, but it is not they, not the grisly mountains that create the terror which is a phantasm, the dread which is not of flesh nor earth.

"No Indian, however brave, pitches his tepee by this lake nor crosses its water, for among the tangle of weeds in its black mysterious bosom, water sirens are believed to dwell, ever watchful of human prey they gaze upward from their mossy couches and if a boatman ventures out in his frail canoe, they rise entangling their strangling white arms about him, pressing him with kisses poisonous as the serpent's sting, breathing upon him their blighting, deadly sweet breath that dulls his senses into the oblivion of eternal sleep."

NOTES TO THE LEGEND CONFEDERATION OF THE IROQUOIS

The legend of the Confederation covers nineteen pages, and is given first place in Mr. Canfield's

Legends of the Iroquois. It is one of the most finely written and, in every way, one of the most valuable of Indian legends.

The first part of the legend gives an account of the adventures of the young Seneca warriors and their carrying off the young Mohawk men and maidens. Twice Mohawk chiefs came to the village of the Senecas to settle the matter at a council of war before real warfare was begun; but the Senecas, contrary to all the rules of warfare, bound the Mohawk chiefs, and this brought on the invasion of the Senecas by the Mohawks and Onondagas.

The first part of the legend is occupied with eloquent speeches by chiefs of both sides, and the poem begins with the actual invasion of the Seneca village and the scene of the total eclipse of the sun which occurred June 28, 1451.

THE CONFEDERATION OF THE IROQUOIS

The Confederation of the Iroquois is one of the masterpieces of Iroquois literature. It may be regarded as more of a tradition or history than a legend. It has something of the legendary in it, but doubtless it is the most correct and authentic historical account that has been given of the confederation of the Five Nations: the Senecas, Mo-

hawks, Onondagas, Oneidas, and Cayugas. In the year 1712, the Tuscaroras, a tribe previously located in North Carolina, were defeated by their white neighbors and about 1,860 of them fled to New York State, then the dwelling place of the Iroquois. They were adopted into the Confederacy. These people did not possess the energy of members of the other tribes and because of this had to wear the tobacco pouches of the women, thus acknowledging that they were inferior to the other five tribes. They probably overcame this humiliation in time and gained full rank as one of the Six Nations, as the Iroquois were known to the white people in subsequent periods.

The date of the formation of the Confederacy is uncertain. According to the best authority, viz., that of Cornplanter and Governor Blacksnake, who attained the great age of one hundred and twenty-three years (living from 1736 to 1859) the date was given as June 28th, 1451, and it was a Confederacy of the three tribes, only the other two tribes soon afterward joining, and the last tribe, the Tuscaroras, in 1712, thus forming the Six Nations.

Upon the authority of these two chiefs, it is not difficult to believe that this date is historically correct, and that the incident related in the legend was the occasion upon which the wonderful union of republics was formed. Considered as a govern-

ment formed by a savage people, the confederation of the Iroquois certainly was a wonderful union. If it had not been broken and destroyed by the whites after a series of wars extending over a period of more than two centuries and culminating in the village burning expedition of Sullivan in 1779, the confederacy would have made rapid progress in civilization. We find among the five nations the characteristic novelist and poet. We find among the Iroquois mighty men who without question excelled in literary gifts. We also find gifted men among the Algonquin and other nations.

The Iroquois are noted for their intelligence, their oratory, their warm friendship for one another and for the sterling qualities of their character. Had they been treated with greater fairness by the whites and had they not been driven to retaliation, great achievements might have been recorded of them of which any nation might have been proud.

THE LEGEND OF THE MOCCASIN FLOWER

We find in Mr. Wright's book the legend called *The Moccasin Flower* which suggested the poem in this book entitled: *Apostrophe to a Moccasin Flower.*

The legend runs that when the first union be-

tween a white man and an Indian woman took place, the parents of the bride were greatly angered. They ordered the white man out of the village, and told their daughter that if she did not leave the pale face they would disown her forever. The husband, thus forced to leave, started away in his canoe in great sorrow; but his wife, true to her vows, followed along the shore all one day trying to call him back. As dusk came on, she lost her way and fell in a faint, and all night long the owls echoed her calls to her banished husband.

The next day flowers resembling moccasins were found all along her track. They are the white lady slippers. By her side was her babe held tightly in her death grasp. The Indians call them "Ko-ko-ko-ho" (Moccasin) which means "owl shoes."

II

REVIEWS OF INDIAN FOLK LORE VOLUMES

OLD INDIAN LEGENDS *

The fourteen stories included in *Old Indian Legends* are as follows:

Iktomi and the Ducks, Iktomi's Blanket, Iktomi and the Muskrat, Iktomi and the Coyote, Iktomi and the Fawn, The Badger and the Bear, The Tree Bound, Shooting of the Red Eagle, Iktomi and the Turtle, Dance in a Buffalo Skull, The Toad and the Boy, Iya and the Camp-Eater, Maustin the Rabbit, The Warlike Seven.

The stories in this book are told in an interesting manner and I judge that they are read with keen interest by the children. *Shooting of the Red Eagle* is especially good.

INDIAN STORY AND SONG *

The writing of these songs arose from several essays which were read upon the songs of North

* *From North America.* By Alice C. Fletcher. Small, Maynard & Company, 1907.

* Retold by Yitkala-Sa. Published by Glen & Company, 1901.

American Indians at the Congress of Musicians held in Omaha in July, 1898, in illustration of which several Omaha Indians for the first time sang their native melodies to an audience largely composed of trained musicians.

This unique demonstration suggested their availability as themes, novel and characteristic, for the American composer. "It was felt that this availability would be greater if the story or the ceremony which gave rise to the song could be known, so that in developing the theme, all of the movements might be consonant with the circumstances that had inspired the native."

In response to the expressed desire of many musicians, Miss Fletcher has given a number of songs in their native story. These songs and stories have been gathered from the people by Miss Fletcher, as she has listened to them in their homes or from the ceremonies which they used. The stories are also close translations. Miss Fletcher does not enter the myth, or folk-lore; although she does not underestimate the value of the material afforded by this rich field.

These songs are like the wild flowers that have not yet come under the transforming hand of the gardener. Considerable of the above is taken from the preface of Miss Fletcher's book.

This book has given the writer great pleasure.

I regard, *The Leader's Song* (Omaha), *The Tribal Prayer* (Omaha), *The Deathless Voice* (Dakota), *Love Song* (Poetical transcription by Miss E. D. Proctor), *Un-ton Song* (Dakota), *Love Song* (Pawnee), as the best and most spirited of the songs.

LOVE SONG

Fades the star of morning,
West winds gently blow,
Gently blow, gently blow,
Soft the pine trees murmur,
Soft the waters flow,
Soft the waters flow,
Soft the waters flow.
Lift thine eyes, my maiden,
To the hill-top high,
Night and gloom will vanish
When the pale stars die,
When the pale stars die.
Lift thine eyes, my maiden;
Hear thy lover's cry.
Lift thine eyes, my maiden,
To the hill-top nigh,
Night and gloom will vanish
When the pale stars die.
Lift thine eyes, my maiden;
Hear thy lover's cry.

From my tent I wander,
Seeking only thee;
As the day from darkness
Comes from stream and tree.
Lift thine eyes, my maiden,
To the hill-top nigh,
Lo the dawn is breaking,

Rosy beams the sky.
Lift thine eyes, my maiden;
Hear thy lover's cry.

Lonely is our valley,
Though the month is May;
Come and be my moon-light;
I will be thy day!
Now the sun is rising,
Now the shadows fly,
Lift thine eyes, my maiden;
Hear thy lover's cry.

The Indian words of this song freely translated are as follows:

As the day comes forth from night,
So I come forth to seek thee;
Lift thine eyes and behold him
Who comes with the day to thee.

The other songs in this book are as follows:

The Insigna of Thunder (Omaha)
The Warrior's Prayer (Omaha)
The Laugh (Pauka)
Ish-i-buz-zhi, Dance Song (Omaha)
The Bird's Nest (Pawnee)
Trysting Love Song (Omaha)
You-zi-mou-de (Omaha)
The Wren (Pawnee)
Song of the Spirit (Omaha)
The Mother's Vow (Dakota)
A Love Call (Omaha)
Game Song (Vancouver's Island)
The Indian Coquet (Omaha)

An Old Man's Love Song (Omaha)
A Warrior's Song Uh-Ko-the (Pauka)
Mocking Bird's Song (Tigna)
Song of the Ghost Dance (Arapaho)
Choral Sacred Song of Peace (Omaha)
The Gift of Peace (Otoe)
Kawas, The Baby is Crying (Pawnee)
The Father is Coming (Pawnee)
Prayer for Rain (Mexico)
Kwakinth Song (British Columbia)

The following are the stories which accompany the songs in Miss Fletcher's book.

Story and Song of the (He-dhn-shka)
Story and Song of Ishi-bug-zhi
Story and Song of the Leader
The Omaha Tribal Prayer
Story and Song of the Bird's Nest
A Trysting Love Song
Story and Song of the Deathless Voice
Story and Song of You-Yi-Mon-de
Love Song (Poetical Transcription by Miss E. D. Proctor)
Story and Song of the Wren
The Omaha Funeral Song
Story and Song of The Mother's Vow
A Love Call
A Game Song from the Northwest Coast

Story and Song of the Indian Coquet
An Old Man's Love Song
Story of the We-ton Song
A Pawnee Love Song
Story and Song of a Warrior
The Mocking Bird's Song
A Song of the Ghost Dance
Sacred Songs of Peace
Comforting the Child
Music in Indian Life
The Relation of Story and Song

JOYFUL STAR *

This book is written chiefly for girls, but is of interest also to boys and adults. I have found it to be one of the delightful books. Several of the most beautiful of these legends are put into poetic form. The writer of this book has used sound judgment in her selection of legends.

The chapters of the book are as follows:

Aliquipso, A Story of Greater Love (Oneida)

How the Treaty of Peace was Made (Sioux)

The Devoted Daughter, A True Story of the Shawnees

Sacajawea, The Bird Woman, A Story of Lewis and Clark's Expedition

* *Indian Stories for Camp-Fire Girls,* by Emelyn Newcomb Partridge, illustrated, Sturgis and Walton Co., 1916.

An Algonquin Love Song

How Lawiswis was Rescued by the White Roses (Oregon myth)

The Will-o'-the-Wisp, A Legend of the Pacific Northwest

Winsome, The Sioux Maiden

The Forest Maiden, A Micinae Legend

A Chippewa Love Song

The Princess and the Shepherd, A Peruvian Fairy Tale

The Two Rocks in Passamaquoddy Bay, A Passamaquoddy Legend

The Bird Bride, A Peruvian Legend

The Maiden of Matsaki, A Yiemi Story

The Love of Cusi-Coyllur, Joyful Star, A Peruvian Drama

How Genetaska Deserted Her Trust, An Iroquois Legend

The Rescue of Abselik, An Algonquin Tale

The Song of the Taensa

How the First Battle Came to be Fought, A Legend of the Wintune of Sacramento Valley

Miss Pound the Stones, A Maya Legend

The Maiden with the Beautiful Face and the Evil Heart, An Algonquin Tale

Sahan, The Orphan, A Tingit Legend

How Wakoutas Tested the Maidens

The Pride of Peeta Kway, An Iroquois Legend

The Old Woman and Pecans, A Tale from the Caddo

A Maiden's Curiosity, A Legend from the Western Coast

The Triumph of the East Wind's Daughter (Tlingit)

Oschiaeaskw, The Little Scarred Girl (Miomae)

The Turkey Girl (Yuni)

Nipon (The Summer Maiden) (Algonquin)

The Punishment of Tis-se-Yak, A Legend of The Yosemite Valley

The Maiden who was Blessed by The Buffalo and the Corn, An Arikara Tradition

The Trustworthy One, A Tradition of the Caddo

The Maiden and the Grizzly Bear, A Pauka Legend

The Story of Nish-Fang, A Hupa Tale

The Ogress and the Mother, A Legend of Vancouver Island

Karobona, The Strong of Heart, A Guiana Legend

The Spirit of Dowanhotanimoin (Sioux)

The Lament of an Iroquois Mother over the Body of her Son

The author deserves great credit for the careful and painstaking effort she has made in publishing this excellent book.

On pages 189 to 192, there is an interesting account of the adventures of a warrior's soul. According to a Grecian legend, the soul has power to leave the body for a length of time and resume it as one does a garment.

"Among the Indian myths, the legend herewith given is remarkable as an illustration of this belief, while it reveals a watchfulness over the phenomena of the mind and its deathless activity and independence of the body gratifying to the student of the thinking powers of the savages. According to this story, the Indians believed in angel visitants or guardian angels." "He looked up and beheld a large *ghee niew* or war-eagle sitting in the tree which he immediately recognized as his guardian Manitou or totem. The bird had watched over his body and prevented other birds of prey from devouring it."

Chapter X, pages 172 to 177, gives one of the best descriptions of the Happy Hunting Grounds of the Indians that I have read anywhere. It is beautifully written and is entitled: *The Lover's Vision of the Happy Island.*

* Or *Legends, Traditions, and Symbols of the Aborigines of America Compared with Those of Other Countries. Including Hindostan, Egypt, Persia, Assyria, and China,* by Ellen Russel Emerson, illustrated, James R. Osgood and Company, 1884.

The Flight of the Rising Sun, (Petoskey) found on page 91 of John C. Wright's book, is also one of the best legends of the Happy Hunting Grounds of the Indians. This book is of great value to the true student of Indian legends, but is too philosophical and too comprehensive to be read by the average reader. In writing it, the author has rendered a fine service of much value to the student of legendary lore in general.

The subjects of the chapters are as follows:

The Breath Maker, God of Air
The Four Spirits of the Winds
Birds
Legends of the Dead and Burial Rites
Stories of Transmigration and Transformation
Ceremonials, Rites, and Symbols
Language, Picto-graphy, Symbol, and Song
Manabozho
On Animals
Deities of Indian Rite and Story
Miscellaneous Legends
General Considerations
The Ancestral Cavern
Yo-wah The Great Spirit

Chapter VIII is an interesting chapter concerning the origin of man; chapter nine concerning the origin of evil and its personifications, is also interesting.

For a comparative study of myths and legends

of all the countries, this is decidedly the best book for consultation.

WIGWAM EVENINGS *

The subjects of the stories are as follows:

Evenings		
1st	Evening	*The Buffalo and the Field Mouse*
2nd	"	*The Frogs and the Crane*
3rd	"	*The Eagle and the Beaver*
4th	"	*The War Party*
5th	"	*The Falcon and the Dock*
6th	"	*The Raccoon and the Bee-Tree*
7th	"	*The Badger and the Bear*
8th	"	*The Good-Luck Token*
9th	"	*Unktomee and the Bundle of Songs*
10th	"	*Unktomee and the Elk*
11th	"	*The Festival of the Little People*
12th	"	*Eye and the Devourer*
13th	"	*The Wars of the Wa-Kee-Yau and Unk-Tay-Hee*
14th	"	*The Little Boy Man*
15th	"	*The Return of the Little Boy Man*
16th	"	*The First Battle*
17th	"	*The Beloved of the Sun*
18th	"	*Wood-Chopper and Berry Picker*

* *Sioux Folk Tales Retold,* by Charles A. Eastman and Emeline Goodale Eastman, illustrated by Edwin Willard Deming, (Little, Brown & Co.,) 1909.

19th Evening *The Son-In-Law*
20th " *The Comrades*
21st " *The Laugh Maker*
22nd " *The Runaways*
23rd " *The Girl Who Married The Star*
24th " *North Wind and Star Boy*
25th " *The Ten Virgins*
26th " *The Magic Arrows*
27th " *The Ghost Wife*

Many of these stories teach useful lessons, like *The Eagle and the Beaver* on page 25.

In the language of the author in his preface: "There are stories here of different types, each of which has its prototype or parallel in the nursery tales of other nations.

"The animal fables of the philosophic red man are almost as real and satisfying as those of Æsop, of whom they put us strongly in mind.

"A little further on, we meet with brave and fortunate heroes and beautiful princesses and wicked old witches and magical transformations and all the other dear, familiar material of fairy lore, combined with a touch that is unfamiliar and fascinating."

There are many stories of the creation among the legends of the various tribes. There is an interesting one told on page 125, the fourteenth evening. It is entitled, *The Little Boy Man.*

The book is very interesting for children from five to twelve years of age, and it is written for the school and the fireside.

TRAILS THROUGH WESTERN WOODS *

This is a very interesting, well-written book of three hundred and ten pages with large print and eight very beautiful illustrations.

The subjects of the chapters are as follows:

The Gentle Selish
Enchanted Waters
Lake Angus McDonald
Some Indian Missions of the Northwest
The People of the Leaves
The Passing Buffalo
Lake McDonald and its Trails
Above the Clouds
The Little St. Mary's
The Track of the Avalanche and Indian Summer

The chief attraction of this book is the fascinating way in which it is written. Among the most beautiful legendary stories in the book are those connected with the Enchanted Waters, the Song of the Water Sirens, and the adventure of Coyote.

* By Helen Fitzgerald Sanders, published by the Alice Harriman Co., 1910.

It is difficult to tell whether Coyote was an animal with supernatural powers, or whether he was a chief. Probably he was a chief; if not, he had power to transform himself into one. The description of the lakes is very weird and beautiful.

The Legend of the Flint is spoken of as one of exceptional interest as coming from the lips of the dying chieftain, the silent and unbending Charlote who was never known to speak a word of English. He was a noted chief of the Selish or Flat-Head nation. The author states that, "Coyote, the hero of this legend, figures in many of the myths of the Selish; but they do not profess to know if he were a great brave bearing that name, or if he were the animal itself, living in the legendary age when beasts and birds spoke the tongue of men."

It is likely he was a dual personality, such as the white buffalo of numerous fables, who was at will a beautiful maiden or one among the best herds of the plains.

MYTHS AND LEGENDS OF THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST*

There are four interesting and valuable books on Indian Legends written by Katherine Berry Judson entitled:

*By Katherine Berry Judson, A. C. McClurg & Co., 1913.

Legends of California and the Old Southwest
Myths and Legends of the Pacific Northwest
Myths and Legends of Alaska
Myths and Legends of the Great Plains
(The others are given later.)

The writer has had a high regard for the genuineness and authenticity of the legends, which may be relied upon to be of historical value. The writer makes no pretense of originality, simply collecting these legends and writing them in their simplicity as given to her by the Indians. The photographs are fine illustrations of Western scenery and Western Indian life. One must search carefully among these legends for the gems, not knowing when he will come upon one. These legends are very different from those of the Iroquois and Chippewas, not being so graphic in description.

The legends to be found in *Myths and Legends of the Pacific Northwest* are as follows:

Origin of Daylight
How Silver Fox Created the World
How Kemush Created the World
The Robe of Kemush
How Iawaneca Created the World
How Old Man Above Created the World
Old Man Above and The Grizzlies
Duration of Life
How Coyote Stole Fire

How Beaver Stole Fire
How Dog Stole Fire
The Bridge of the Gods
The Dalles
The Story of Ashioh
Creation of Mankind
Asoiyahal
The Golden Age
The First Totem Pole
Spirit of Snow
Owl and Raven
Cradle Song
Woodrat and Rabbits
Quarrel of Sun and Moon
Chinook Wind
The Miser of Takhousa
Why There are no Snakes in Takhousa
Cry Because He Had No Wife
How Coyote Got His Cunning
The Naming of Creation
The Bird Chief
The Spell of the Laughing Raven
Origin of the Thunder Bird
Mount Edgecomb, Alaska
An Indian's Vow to the Thunder Gods
Chinook Ghosts
The Memcloose Islands
A Visiting Ghost

Origin of the Tribes
How the Okanogans Became Red
The Copper Canoe
Origin of Mineral Springs
How the Ermine Got Its Necklace
Coyote and Grizzly
Coyote and Dragon
Origin of Spokane Falls
Coyote in the Buffalo Country
Coyote and the Salmon
Falls of the Willamette
Fallapus and the Cedar
How Coyote Was Killed
Old Grizzly and Old Antelope
Legend of the Klickitat Basket
The Northern Lights

THE WAY OF AN INDIAN *

The Way of an Indian is valuable chiefly for giving one an insight into the characteristics of the Indian, showing the bravery, courage, independence and audacity of the typical Indian. It is not of great value from the standpoint of Indian Legends.

*By Frederick Remington, author of *Men with the Bark On* and *Crooked Trails,* Fox, Duffield & Co.

THE LEGENDS OF THE IROQUOIS *

From the standpoint of authority, *The Legends of the Iroquois* is one of the most carefully written books on the subject of Indian legends and traditions. It is also one of the most interesting and instructive, as the Iroquois legends are unsurpassed by any others for their beauty and their dramatic interest. I am pleased to say that to Mr. Canfield I owe a debt of gratitude, for this book was the one which first impressed me with the great importance of Indian legends in American literature and in it I found the first Indian legend which aroused my interest, and which I put into poetical form, and published in pamphlet form in 1909, *The Birth of the Arbutus.*

There is an interesting chapter on the general subject of Indian legends. There are also several introductory pages on the authority.

The names of the legends to be found in the book are as follows:

The Confederation of the Iroquois
Birth of the Arbutus
Legend of the River
Legends of the Corn
The First Winter

* Told by Cornplanter. From Authoritative Notes and Studies by W. W. Canfield. Published by A. Wessels Company, New York.

The Great Mosquito
The Story of Oniata
The Mirror in the Water
The Buzzard's Covering
The Origin of the Violet
The Turtle Clan
The Healing Waters
The Sacrifice of Aliquipso
Why the Animals do not Talk
The Message Bearers
The Wise Sachem's Gift
The Flying Head
The Ash Tree
The Hunter
Hiawatha
The Peace Maker
The Unwelcome Visitor
The Four Winds
Bits of Folk-lore
The Happy Hunting-Grounds
The Sacred Stone of the Oneidas
Notes to the Legends

THE CROOKED TREE*

The Crooked Tree has reached its third edition.

* *Indian Legends of Northern Michigan,* by John C. Wright, author of *Northern Breezes,* a companion volume to this one.

The author is well informed regarding the Indian legends of Northern Michigan and his book may well be regarded as a fine contribution to legendary lore. Especially does it help us in the study of Chippewa legends which are of very great interest, comparing favorably with the legends of any other tribe and surpassing most of them. They are carefully written and may be regarded as authentic.

The contents of the book is as follows:

One Thousand Miles in a Canoe
Origin of the Medicine Lodge
Story of the North Star
Legend of the Sleeping Bear
Scheme of an Old Squaw
Gaw-Be-Naw The First Man
The Lost Tribe of Michigan
The Mush-quah-tas
Na-na-bo-jo, the Ottawa Hiawatha
After the Deluge
Legend of the Great Lakes
Formation of Mackinac Island
Joke of the Choke Cherries
The Chicago e-sheeg-or Wild-Onion
Fooled by His Two Wives
Why the Weather is so Changeable
The Golden Age at L'Arbre Croche
The Indian Who Aspired to be a Priest

Legend of the Proud Princes
Indian Magic
Selecting Names For the Indians
The Load Woman
Why the Pine Trees Weep
Rapid Transit in the Early Days
Her Indian Lawsuit
How the Indians Selected a Picture for the Altar
Legend of the Motchi Manitou
The Treaty Payment
The Great Feast of the Ottawas
Outwitting a White Man
The Flight of the (Rising Sun) (Petoskey)
The Great Fight Between the Clans
Last of the Chiefs
The Strange Case of Father Weikamp
Legend of the Mounds
The Great Muckwah
The Wise Chieftain of Bay View
The Indian Company
"King of the Star" or Legend of Mackinac Island
Superstitions of the Strawberry and the Blackberry
The Moccasin Flower
The Hanging of Wan-goosh
Why Camp Fires Crackle
England's Revenge

Origin of the Name "Chicago"
An Incident of Early Mackinac
Legend of Harbor Point
Legend of the Water Lily
Glossary
Our Indian Nomenclature

The Lost Tribe of Michigan is a legend of more than ordinary interest and should be read by those who desire to know something more than the histories give about the Indians of Michigan.

The three principal tribes were the Chippewas in the Northern Peninsula, the Ottawas from the Straits of Mackinac to Grand River, and the Potawottamies further south. There were also some of the Hurons and Miamis but these seldom came as far north as Michigan. On the west, were the warlike Sioux; to the east, the fierce Iroquois; but Michigan was chiefly controlled by these three tribes who styled themselves the Three Brothers.

"Why the Weather is so Changeable:" is interesting.

The Flight of the Rising Sun (*Petoskey*) is one of the finest legends written on The Happy Hunting Grounds. It is quite in harmony with the one which has been put into poetic form in the present volume. The book as a whole is well worth reading. It is the most reliable book on Michigan Indian legends written.

MYTHS AND LEGENDS OF ALASKA*

The legends are doubtless authentic and told in the simple Indian language as nearly as that is possible when translated in English. There is nothing graphic or rhetorical in these simply related stories. They are nevertheless instructive and interesting to the student of Indian myths and legends.

The legends told are as follows:

The Raven Myth
The Flood
The Origin of the Tribes
How the Rivers were Formed
The Origin of Fire
The Duration of Winter
Raven's Feast
Creation of the Porcupine
How Raven Taught the Chilkots
Raven's Marriage
Raven and the Seals
Raven and Pitch
Raven's Dancing Blanket
Raven and the Gulls
The Land Otter
Raven and Boat
Raven and Maruiot

* By Katherine B. Judson, published by A. C. McClurg & Co., 1911.

The Bringing of the Light by Raven
Daylight on the Noss River
The Naming of the Birds
The Origin of the Winds
Duration of Life
Ghost Town
The Killer Whale
Origin of the Chilkot Blanket
Origin of Land and People
Creation of the World
Origin of Mankind
The First Woman
The First Tears
Origin of the Winds
Origin of the Wind
North Wind
East Wind and North Wind
Creation of the Killer Whale
Future Life
The Land of the Dead
The Ghost Land
The Sky Country
The Lost Light
The Chief in the Moon
The Boy in the Moon
The Meteor
Sleep House
Cradle Song

Proverbs
How the Fox Became Red
Beaver and Porcupine
The Mark of the Masten
The Wolves and the Bear
The Camp Robber
The Circling of Cranes
The Last of the Thunderbirds
How the Kiksadf Clan Came to Sitko
Origin of the Grizzly Bear Crest
Origin of the Frog Crest
Origin of the Beaver Crest
Origin of the Killer Whale Crest
The Discontented Grass Plant
The Wind People
Tricks of the Fox

"Among the Northwestern tribes there was no beneficent deity. Sahale does not represent the same idea as that of the Manitou, the Great Spirit, among the Eastern Indians; yet Tyhee Sahale along the Columbia River, and Old Man Above among the California Indians, represent the clearest idea of a single governing spirit living in the sky, but they are not sure of his friendship.

"Among most of the tribes, on the other hand, there is an utter lack of any friendly deity as among the Blackfeet of Montana with whom Old Man is simply a trickster half human who nearly always

gets the worst of it in his encounters with Coyote.

"So the Indian felt powerless against the gods who made the earth — the forces of nature which he could not understand. In his helplessness, he was influenced by the animal life he saw around him.

"In the tragedies of the forest he saw the weaker, smaller creatures escape the larger ones only by cunning, so must he by cunning escape the anger of the gods. The crafty animals became his earth gods and in time his helpers. Coyote the weakest but craftiest of all the animals became, on the coast, the Chief of all the Animals, Fox ranked second.

"The adventures of Coyote like those of Yehl, the Raven of Alaska, are so numerous that no one could tell them all. Prof. F. S. Lyman groups them around three or four main heads, *The Theft of Fire, The Destruction of Monsters, The Making of Water Falls,* and *The Teaching of Useful Arts to the Indians.*"

This quotation is taken almost word for word from the preface of *Myths and Legends of the Pacific Northwest.* I have found the preface to each of these Judson books interesting and instructive.

In the study of this subject, we read many of these myths and legends not because we are particularly interested in them for to most readers

many of them will seem absurd, but that we may become familiar with all the legends available and beside this we never can tell when we will find a gem worth the search of a year to discover. I feel that the author of these books, Katherine Berry Judson, has rendered an exceedingly valuable service for the student of this important subject.

AMERICAN INDIAN FAIRY TALES *

The contents of the book are as follows:

The Story Teller, Himself
Snow-bird and the Water-Tiger
The Coyote or Prairie Wolf
How Mad Buffalo Fought the Thunder-bird
The Red Swan
The Bended Rocks
White Hawk the Lazy
The Magic Feather
The Star Maiden
The Fighting Hare
The Great Head
The Adventures of Living Statue
Turtle Dove, Sage Cock, and the Witch
The Island of Skeletons
Stone-Shirt and the One-Two

* By Margaret Compton, Dodd, Mead and Company, 1908.

The Great Wizard
White Cloud's Visit to the Sun-Prince

I judge that these legends are authentic and they are very well told. They are founded on government reports of Indian life from the Smithsonian Institute and upon folk-lore contained in the standard works of Schoolcraft, Copway, and Catlin, etc. *Fairy Tales* is a good name for these stories and the description of Story-teller, Iagoe, given of himself does not exaggerate the Fairy-Tale quality of the stories. The beautiful Chippewa legend, *The Star Maiden,* one of the finest in the book, is retold in a very different way in John C. Wright's book, *Legends of the Crooked Tree.* It is there entitled *Legend of the Water Lily. Bended Rocks* is also a very beautiful legend.

III

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G. B. Grinnell *Punishment of the Stingy* (Harper)
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W. J. Hopkins *Indian Book* (Houghton)
M. C. Judd *Wigwam Stories*
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J. W. Lloyd *Aw-Aw-tam Indian Nights* (1911 Lloyd Group)
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C. H. Merriam *Dawn of the World, Myths and*

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T. S. Rand *Legends of the Micmacs* (Longmans)

M. T. Roulet *Nixon Indian Folk Tales* 1911

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S. Shannon *Pascagoula Poem*

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J. R. Swanton *Haida Texts and Myths* (Skidegate dialect 1905 Am. Ethnology Supt. of Documents)

D. Tanner *Legends from the Red Man's Forest* (Flanagan)

J. Teit *Traditions of the Thompson River Indians of British Columbia* (Houghton)

R. A. Tuggle *Indian Stories for Children* (Mutual Pub. Co.)

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G. L. Wilson *Myths of the Red Children* (Ginn)

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Musical Indians

F. R. Burton *American Primitive Music* (Moffat)
V. Curtis *Indian's Book* (Harper)
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A. C. Fletcher *Indian Story and Song* (Small)
B. I. Gilman *Hopi Songs* (Houghton)
F. G. Speck *Ceremonial Songs of the Creek and Yuchi Indians* (Univ. of Penn. Museum)

Other books by Katharine B. Judson are as follows:

Myths and Legends of the Mississippi Valley
Myths and Legends of California and the Old Southwest
Early Days in Old Oregon
Montana: The Land of Shining Mountains
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